Big Business, How Big?—*Bruce Catton*

THE Nation

November 26, 1949

The "Good Neighbors" in Fact and Fancy

BY BERNARD MISHKIN

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The Subversive Drugstore

BY MALCOLM HOBBS

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Germany: Back to 1921? - - - - - - - - - - - - *Carolus*

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

LAST WEEK THE U. N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY finally managed to adopt one important set of resolutions and to do so unanimously, an event so astonishing that General Romulo, speaking from the chair, hailed it as a "precedent, unfortunately all too rare in our deliberations, of general agreement on a matter of universal concern." The resolutions in question launched the program for technical assistance to underdeveloped countries originally proposed by President Truman in his now famous "Point Four." The fact that the plan obviously anticipates a contribution of many millions by the United States, not to mention billions in private and public investments, may account for the universal support it received. But its adoption, in any case, marks the first step in an international program which may turn out to be more significant than many of the issues now engendering heat and division. One of these latter issues was also settled during the week; after violent debate and by a vote of fifty to six, with two abstentions, the Assembly adopted a resolution asking member states to impose an arms embargo on Albania and Bulgaria as long as those countries continue to aid the Greek guerrillas. It also voted to keep the U. N. observers on the scene while the trouble lasts. After reaching this decision the Assembly rejected a Soviet resolution calling for a Greek amnesty and for new supervised elections. The decision on both proposals was inevitable and served only to underline again the degree to which Greece's tragic struggle has become a mere by-product of the cold war. It also signified the end of serious efforts at conciliation between Greece and its northern neighbors, efforts which have foundered on the issue of border claims. Apparently the misery of the Greek people must continue while the government pushes its old demand for a piece of southern Albania.

✶

LATIN AMERICA IS EMULATING HITLER'S Germany and Mussolini's Italy during the thirties. In the face of vast indifference among most of the citizens of this country, one constitutional government after another is being overthrown by a fascist dictator, a military junta—and last Sunday in Panama by a simple chief of police! Conscious of the gravity of the situation, *The Nation* has been conducting a discussion of the issue of democracy or dictatorship in Latin America. This week we publish a provocative analysis by Bernard Mishkin as a part of the series. The outburst of Falangist violence in Colombia, prelude to the elections on November 27, has alarmed the entire Continent. Certain winner in the Presidential contest, in which every form of electoral freedom has been suppressed, is the extreme right-wing leader Laureano Gómez, recently returned to Bogotá after a year in Spain. From its start the campaign has been an exhibition of police power and arbitrary rule that finally forced the Liberals to withdraw and boycott the election. Overruling the Supreme Court, President Ospina Pérez, who has become an accomplice of Gómez, staged "a classical and typical coup d'état," to quote the eminent Columbian liberal, former President Dr. Eduardo Santos. Freedom of speech and freedom of press have been ruthlessly suppressed, with newspapers burned in the street in the best Nürnberg style and opposition campaigners shot in the best Madrid style. In a most illuminating letter to the New York *Times*, Germán Arciniegas, former Minister of Education and now visiting professor at Columbia University, a man no one could describe as a radical, writes: "Thus has one of the most staunch democracies of Latin America been destroyed. And thus emerges a totalitarian state, directly instigated by the government of Spain on the very frontiers of the Panama Canal." We offer Señor Arciniegas's comment to Secretary of State Dean Acheson as a conclusive argument against such irresponsible Senators and Congressmen as Brewster, McCarran, and Multer, now urging a loan to Franco "to strengthen the democratic anti-totalitarian front."

✶

MANY GOOD PEOPLE, UNHAPPILY, ASSUME that Westbrook Pegler's savage assaults on his fellow-citizens must be well founded, since otherwise he would be sued for libel and made to eat his poisonous words. It is a sad fact, however, that few of his victims care to engage in time-consuming lawsuits or to gamble the heavy costs of going to court when a legal technicality may wipe out the investment. When Pegler picked on A. N. Spanel, president of the International Latex Corporation, he evidently ran into a man who had both the funds and the public spirit to call him to account. Disliking the political views set forth by Spanel in a series of paid advertisements, Pegler gave him the usual treatment, implying that he was "a Communist or fellow-

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traveler." Spanel went to law, and when the court ruled that there was ground for a suit, Pegler decided to revise his estimate of the Latex executive rather than face trial. On thoughtful reconsideration, he concluded in a recent column that the "impression" he had conveyed was "regrettable," and that "Mr. Spanel is not and never has been a Communist or fellow-traveler." This did not mean, we are sorry to report, that Pegler intended to be more truthful in the future. His apology to Spanel was followed in less than a week by a couple of idiotic pieces stating that the national board of Americans for Democratic Action was riddled with "fellow-travelers of the Communists." Since he lacked the recklessness to pin this label on any specific individual, he can hardly be forced to crawl again. But, thanks to Mr. Spanel, the public is now in a better position to weigh Mr. Pegler's veracity.

✳

ON NOVEMBER 10, IN AN OPINION WHICH received remarkably little attention, the Federal Power Commission—the newly appointed Mon C. Wallgren assenting—issued a fifty-year license to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company to build and operate hydroelectric plants in the Kings River Basin. This was a damaging blow to the Bureau of Reclamation, which had strongly urged that the Kings River development be incorporated into the Central Valley Authority under federal control, and it accented the gravity of the power lobby's victory over Leland Olds. "We are unable to agree with the Bureau of Reclamation," the commission said. The commission also found itself at odds with its own field examiner, the California Grange, and the California Federation of Labor. The adverse report of the commission's field examiner declared that the public interest would be best served by government-owned power plants. This contention is supported by a comparison of the Bureau of Reclamation's program, which provides for complete repayment of the cost of the project, with that of the P. G. and E., under which the company will repay "the United States for the use, occupancy, and enjoyment of its lands or other property an amount to be hereafter determined." In fairness to Mr. Wallgren, whose record on public power has been good, he has had barely enough time to settle down to his new job; this was his first decision. But undeniably he has made a poor start.

✳

GREAT BRITAIN'S LABOR GOVERNMENT HAS speeded enactment of the steel-nationalization bill by agreeing to postpone for eight months the date on which the industry will be taken over. In effect, it accepted amendments to the bill inserted by the Tory majority of the House of Lords, who insisted that the electorate should have a chance to pass on this measure. Naturally the government contested the right of the Lords to impose any such conditions, and under the

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terms of the new Parliament act which restricts the power of the upper house to interfere with legislation, it could have secured passage of the unamended bill at the price of a few months' delay. But in this event there would still have been too little time to take over the industry on the date originally set—May 1, 1950. Moreover, since Labor was anxious to enact this bill and so complete the program on which it won office in 1945 before seeking a new mandate, the delay might have forced it to put off the general election until the last legal moment—next July. Now the government will be free "to go to the country" early in the new year and there are indications that March will be the chosen month. Whenever the election does take place, the fate of the steel industry will depend on the results. But this would have been true in any case, since the method of nationalization chosen will not "scramble" the industry: the concerns involved are to continue as separate operating units with their shares held by a publicly owned corporation. Thus even if the original date had stood, it would not have been hard for the Tories, supposing they won the election, to turn the industry back to private hands. It seems to us, therefore, that although Labor has valid ground for complaint against the Lords, it has not actually lost much by compromising.

*

TO MEET THE KEEN COMPETITION OF THE air lines those shrewd railroad men of the East have just raised passenger fares another 12.5 per cent. Why ride a plane from New York to Chicago for four hours, with a free lunch en route, they ask, when a railroad will take you in sixteen hours, give you an inferior meal at your own considerable expense, and charge you a few dollars more for a ticket, which can be had after only an hour's wait at Grand Central? Obviously the railroads are in a bad way, making little or no profit and struggling under a capitalization that was reasonable when they were the one and only method of transportation over long distances. It is not the fault of management that railroads no longer enjoy this monopoly, but the problems arising out of their obsolescence will surely not be solved by the crude device of charging more and more for less and less. As the Interstate Commerce Commission's four minority members pointed out, both previous increases in fare were marked by further declines in passenger revenues after the first few months. In the West, on the other hand, lower rates plus attractive service boosted passenger traffic to the point where revenues showed a marked increase. Charles D. Mahaffie, chairman of the I. C. C., put his finger on the solution when he suggested that "vacant seats rather than inadequate fares are the prime cause of passenger deficits." Unfortunately the commission's majority, though with apparent misgivings, have sanctioned a move that promises more vacant seats, further declining revenues, and in the end federal subsidies. If this is all the imagination left in private enterprise, its exponents had better stop moaning about the "welfare state."

*

SINCE HIS DECISIVE TRIUMPH OF NOVEMBER 8 Mayor O'Dwyer has displayed little of the routine magnanimity of a political victor. His attack on the city's newspapers, most of which, liberal or conservative, had supported Newbold Morris as a reform candidate, was of a very different order from the salvos against the press that used to be delivered by Franklin D. Roosevelt and Fiorello LaGuardia. They were generally combating the power of the press lords in the public interest, while Mr. O'Dwyer appears simply to have been letting off steam after a tense and tiring campaign. When he was advised in almost identical phrases by the *Post-Home News* and the *Herald Tribune* that they would continue to praise or criticize him as occasion demanded, his dudgeon soared to new heights. He lashed out at editorialists who dared—"with great pontification"—to pass judgment on his official conduct, centering his assault by implication on the more liberal of the two journals. He also announced he would "correct" such "misinformation" as the newspapers may present by going on the air at least once a month. This will be a welcome innovation, keeping friends and foes on the alert. But it is quite possible that Mr. O'Dwyer's short temper will rule him out as candidate for governor. Continued bitterness toward Morris and his supporters will make impossible any reconciliation with the Liberal Party, and no statewide Democratic candidate can hope to win without that party's 400,000 votes.

*

FARM-LABOR CONDITIONS IN CALIFORNIA, as *The Nation* pointed out more than a year ago, are reverting to the chaos of the early thirties so strikingly dramatized in "The Grapes of Wrath." In Kings County, in the San Joaquin Valley, county health authorities declare that four babies whose parents are farm workers have died of starvation—in the richest agricultural valley in America. This year more than 100,000 workers will be stranded in the valley without work when the cotton-picking ends in late December. Most of the local officials, faced with a clear emergency, bring forth the old and miserable rationalizations. "What would you have us do?" one county supervisor peevishly complained: "we can't put a nurse in every home. . . . These people are working and getting paid—I don't know what they do with their money." We wonder if the supervisors have read Jonathan Swift's well-known recommendations on what to do with the babies of Ireland in time of famine.

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A Free Press?

NEXT to John L. Lewis, the most inscrutable of all our public institutions is undoubtedly the free and independent daily press. And when this press drops a hint about its real feelings, the hint is worth pondering.

A few days ago the Democratic National Committee through its weekly organ, *Capital Comment,* complained that something resembling a censorship had prevented publication in Washington of the small business man's views on the government's anti-trust suit against the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. While all four of Washington's daily newspapers have repeatedly accepted A. and P. advertisements giving the chain's side of the case, the committee asserted that only one of them would print a reply which was offered as a paid ad by the National Federation of Independent Business.

The federation professes to represent some 136,000 business and professional men. It recently planned to take space in 500 papers for its answer to the A. and P., and decided to try a "test run" in the four Washington dailies and in four scattered small-city papers. The country papers ran the advertisement, but in Washington only the Scripps-Howard *News* would accept it. Of the three which refused, the *Star* held that its policy did not permit one advertiser to discredit another advertiser's copy, the *Post* felt that the small-business broadside was "possibly libelous," the *Times-Herald* refused to comment at all. The *News* remarked simply, "The fact that an ad is controversial doesn't stop its publication in our paper."

This incident can be played down in any way you choose—by pointing out that the Democratic National Committee is itself an interested party in the argument, by accepting the explanations offered by the *Star* and the *Post,* or by remarking that the woods are full of small-business associations, few of which are either very representative or very bright. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Washington residents got only one side of the argument unless they chanced to read the *News.*

Tied in obliquely with this incident and making explicit its hint of the press's position is the address made at Mineral Wells, Texas, on October 31 by B. M. McKelway, editor of the Washington *Star* and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. Mr. McKelway was speaking before the forty-seventh convention of the Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association, and in the lead of its story the Associated Press attributed to him this thought: "A free press should be inherently antagonistic to the idea of expanding government and the multitude of new controls that accompany such expansion." It is hard to imagine any of the assembled publishers quarreling with this proposition, but if the press hewed to this line it could not at the same time comply with Mr. McKelway's further admonition—that it demonstrate by what it prints that it is "the only trustworthy guardian of the common property of the American people—the unbiased, accurate news of the day."

To most people this ogre of "expanding government and the multitude of new controls that accompany such expansion" is no abstraction. It is the New Deal and the Fair Deal—the farm program and the Wagner act, social security and the TVA, minimum wages and the SEC and all the other issues on which five Presidential elections have been fought and won. Some or all of these things are what most men have in mind when they denounce expanding government, multitudinous controls, and "statism."

How does a press dedicate itself to one side in this fight and at the same time guarantee fair treatment to the other side? Does anyone need to be reminded that when our press takes sides, its partisanship goes far beyond the editorial columns and tends to affect such matters as the selection and treatment of news? When three out of four newspapers in the capital refuse to print an advertisement defending the use of the anti-trust laws against one of our largest corporations, should they be surprised if people draw their own conclusions?

Congressmen at Large

TIME was when the adjournment of Congress was a signal for legislators to rush back to their home grounds, there to repair political fences and sound out their constituents. Today the legislators hardly wait for the final bang of the gavel before dashing off to the airport, bound for Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the South Seas. It's first-class all the way, with the taxpayer taking the check, and woe to the country that doesn't dine and wine the travelers in the style to which they were never accustomed back in East Overshoe and Devil's Gulch.

Internationally minded as we are, we welcome this corrective to such provincialism as our legislators may have. We hope that travel performs its traditional function of broadening its devotees. But plainly there has been too much of a good thing. Scores of Representatives and Senators are now ranging the world, and something like a hundred more are scheduled for free junkets before Congress reconvenes in January. Their itineraries are frequently at variance with their stated purposes, and these in turn are generally vague and sometimes downright harmful. A member of the House Committee on Merchant Marine, for example, embarks ostensibly to make a study of shipbuilding methods in Great Britain and Ireland. But somehow his schedule includes a visit to Generalissimo Franco, with whom, in the company of seven other wandering Congressmen,

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he discusses the possibility of Spain's joining the Atlantic Pact, financial aid from the United States, and the desirability of once more exchanging ambassadors.

To cite another instance, a quartet of Senators, officially bent on investigating foreign aid as members of an appropriate subcommittee, turn up on a camel expedition over the Egyptian sands. As it happens, Egypt is not among the countries receiving American aid, and two of the camel-riders, it turns out, are not even members of the committee in question. Two months ago the Senate Judiciary Committee paid Senator McCarran's fare to Europe so that he could make a first-hand study of the displaced-persons problem, the better, as it happens, to sabotage American aid to those unfortunates. But the Senator, after drawing on ECA funds in Paris, turned up in Madrid, where he too paid court to Franco and proclaimed to the world how vital it was to shore up the Generalissimo's sagging tyranny with American dollars.

In Athens, Senator Thomas of Oklahoma now bobs up to announce, with no authority whatever, that "the United States will have no foreign commitments after 1952." This is the same Senator who a few days before emerged from Sweden with bitter complaints that he and some fellow-journeymen had been "ignored" in Stockholm and that, in consequence, "any further aid to that country will be over [his] protest." Thomas and his six colleagues, as members of an Appropriations Committee subdivision, were supposedly investigating expenditures under the arms-aid program for nations belonging to the Atlantic Pact. But Sweden is not a signatory to the pact, and three of the inspecting Senators were not even members of the committee. In short, far from rating accommodations in the royal palace and showers of Swedish ticker-tape, the gentlemen were not entitled to be in Stockholm at all at the expense of the American treasury.

Beyond such palpable misuse of public funds, these junkets raise the serious question of the division of powers on which American government is based. It is one thing for the legislative branch to rake over American diplomacy in the halls of Congress and to demand a full accounting by those in charge of our foreign relations. It is another for individual members to go skylarking around the world, interviewing heads of state, issuing manifestoes, and making ugly threats—all on their own dubious authority. By all means our national legislators must retain their basic right of investigation, and probably the President can do no more than disavow the public pronouncements of these self-appointed diplomats. But it is time that sober leaders in both houses laid down regulations for the guidance of their touring members. Foreign policy can be ticklish enough without leaving it to the individual whims of 531 members of Congress.

Reductio ad Absurdum

A PARTICULARLY ugly deportation proceeding now under way has so far escaped public notice. It involves more than 100 young Jews from the Middle East who have been studying in this country for the past year or two. They came here, usually at their own or their families' expense, just before the establishment of the state of Israel and the subsequent Israeli-Arab wars. Everybody who reads a newspaper knows that the failure of the Arabs on the field of battle has been followed by an anti-Semitic campaign of great intensity within the Arab states. To be a Jew in one of these nations is to become automatically subject to severe social and economic restrictions and to the danger of property loss and physical injury at the hands of the mob.

Consequently, the Jewish students, who entered the United States on student visas, have requested an adjustment of their immigration status under the Displaced Persons Act of 1948 which would enable them to remain in this country indefinitely. This has been refused by the examining officers of the Immigration Service.

The examining officers gave two reasons for their decision: (1) that "the applicants' inability to return to . . . the country of their birth and last residence is not directly due to events which occurred as a result of World War II"; and (2) that "the applicants have not been displaced from the country of their birth, nationality, or last residence as a result of events subsequent to the outbreak of hostilities on September 1, 1939." In other words, the inability of students to return to their native lands without endangering their lives is admitted, but they are to be forced to go back because the anti-Semitism creating this "inability" is not of recent origin!

We believe the position thus stated cannot be matched for callousness by any other pronouncement of petty officialdom in recent months. If the immigration laws may actually be interpreted as they have been here, they ought to be broadened. But we strongly doubt whether the laws have been properly interpreted. As the American Jewish Congress points out in briefs supporting the appeals, the Displaced Persons Act of 1948 clearly extends a sanctuary to immigrant students who find that new events—even with old roots—have made it impossible or perilous for them to return home.

If these few hundred young Jews from the Middle East are sent "home," the precedent thus set will jeopardize the interests of a considerable proportion of the 5,000 foreign students in this country. We therefore urge Attorney General McGrath, under whose jurisdiction this matter falls, to review these cases. If the central office of the Immigration Service, where an appeal now rests, fails to reverse the examiners' decision, the Attorney General should do so.

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Pensions Reconsidered, II

LAST week *The Nation* pointed out some of the hazards of a system of pensions paid by private industry, such as the steel workers have recently won. Adequate pensions are a necessity, but the methods of paying and financing them can make a critical difference to the power of unions and the prospect of employment. Private pensions, it was contended, make workers dependent on employers, may reduce the power of unions to bargain, and are a hazardous protection because of the uncertain fortunes of individual employers or even industries as a whole. In addition, standard pensions paid by all firms, weak as well as strong, will be charged against the consumers in higher prices, and as the payment of pensions becomes general, this means that the workers themselves will be meeting the cost indirectly even if they do not contribute directly.

The same objection has been brought against our method of paying for federal social security by taxes on employers, and sometimes on employees, at a fixed percentage of the pay roll. Such taxes are regressive—that is, they tend to raise prices equally to all purchasers and bear more heavily on those with small incomes than on those higher in the income scale. One merit of a governmental system is, however, that it can resort to more equitable sources of payment. It can tax profits and incomes, varying the rate upward according to ability to pay.

Most other countries lay a large part of the social-security burden on income and profit taxes. Even the United States has in effect decided to do this with old-age pensions, since Congress has for years declined to make the upward adjustments in pay-roll taxes scheduled when the law was passed. When the number of persons eligible for pensions becomes too large for the existing fund, the extra expense will probably be met, as it should be, in time of prosperity, out of progressive taxes.

This brings us to one of the strongest arguments against private pension schemes, if they are widely applied and cover anything like the whole working population. Such pensions are supposed to be paid out of a fund accumulated over the years by annual contributions. The money in the fund has to be invested in securities, so that the interest may help to pay the pensions. Suppose the whole labor force of the United States were covered by such schemes, and that as much as 10 per cent of the total pay roll were "saved" annually for investment in the funds. This outcome is easily possible, since the new steel contracts specify payments ranging from ten to fifteen cents a man-hour. The compensation of employees in the United States in 1948 amounted to nearly $138 billion. What would be the effect on the total economy of withdrawing $13.8 billion from current spending?

It is dangerous to take from the stream of income large sums which may come to rest in idle funds. If this money were not actually used by investors to buy new buildings, machinery, and other capital goods, it would start a sizable recession. In 1948, a year when investment in this country was the largest in history, the total of new private investment was less than three times the amount that would probably be added to investment funds by such payments. Would there be sufficient outlets for it to allow it to get back into the pockets of consumers?

There is apparently no safeguard against an imbalance between saving and investment, now recognized by most economists as a major cause of depression, in a broad social-security system, financed by private funds sufficiently large to provide assurance that the promised pensions can be paid when they fall due. There can be such a safeguard in a pension system financed by government. It need not build up large funds at all. In a period of full employment and possible inflation the government can contribute to control of the boom by taking from the current income of the taxpayers more than it pays out. At such a time it does not need any accumulated funds to draw upon but should collect every year the full amount currently needed for pensions, and more too. But in periods of unemployment it should do just the opposite: it should pay out more than it takes in. The money needed for pensions can then be raised by governmental borrowing based on bank credit. This will be additional purchasing power poured into the system and will stimulate business and employment. A federal pension system resting not on pay-roll taxes but on general revenues would be a mighty aid to a compensatory fiscal policy.

The necessary conclusion is that both unions and employers should, in their own interest, combine to obtain really adequate federal pensions with small or no pay-roll taxes. Not only is it not necessary to increase pay-roll taxes to pay for them, but such taxes would be folly. Pension contributions already agreed to by employers through collective bargaining should be reduced as federal pensions are increased—as is already provided in the Ford and steel contracts. Other contracts ought to follow their lead.

Can the nation as a whole afford adequate pensions to everyone over sixty-five, paid as a matter of right and regardless of a means test, open or concealed? That is a matter for the citizens to decide. When employment is full, such pensions must be subtracted from the real earnings of those who are producing. No matter what financial arrangements are made, pensions will come out of the stock of goods and services currently available. No financial magic can alter this fact, since the ac-

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cumulation of funds does not mean the piling up of bread, meat, clothing, doctors' time, and the rest which pensions will be used to buy. We can distribute the burden according to capacity to pay, by a progressive taxation system, but we cannot avoid it or provide for it in advance.

In time of unemployment we can pay the cost of pensions by increasing production and jobs. At such a time a pension system might therefore be almost costless, if we did not try to collect the money directly or indirectly from those currently at work.

If a generous pension system at a time of full employment seems too extravagant, we should consider whether we might not make better use of the capacities of those over sixty-five than to maintain them in idleness. In another decade or so they will constitute at least 10 per cent of the population. More and more of them, as health and hygiene progress, are amply fit for further usefulness. Medical science has recognized that retirement is often deadly. What should we not have lost if Toscanini had been subject to compulsory retirement at sixty-five or even at seventy? Until the economy can produce more and better satisfactions than all of us want, we can ill afford to lose the active labor of anyone who is capable of contributing to the common store.

Big Business – How Big?

BY BRUCE CATTON

Washington, November 18

NOBODY has paid much attention so far, but in the hearing-room of the House Judiciary Committee a radically new attack on the enormous power of the great American business corporations is being prepared. On the surface a House subcommittee is simply making one more study of the anti-trust laws. The routine is familiar: small business men complaining about the concentration of economic power, big business men equating that power with the stability of the republic. But the underlying pattern is new, and eventually there will be fireworks.

The hearings are being run by Representative Emmanuel Celler of New York, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, who has become convinced that the American democracy needs nothing less than a brand-new economic bill of rights, going far beyond existing anti-trust laws. Celler is therefore working out a draft of new legislation which would recognize as the central evil the mere existence of concentrated economic power rather than the occasional misuse of it. He is ready to propose that instead of trying to regulate "bigness" we go ahead and abolish it.

Let Congress begin, he says, by declaring that the undue concentration of economic power is bad. Then let it formulate the criteria by which the government can determine where there is undue concentration—in other words, set the limits beyond which industrial bigness may not go. This done, let it empower some such agency as the Federal Trade Commission to whittle the giants down. That is what these hearings on the anti-trust laws are driving at.

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The legislative task for Congress, Celler believes, would not be as complicated as it looks. Working industry by industry, he argues, it would be perfectly possible for Congress to set forth the general principles —the percentage of an industry's total sales, production, assets, number of employees, and so on, which might be permitted for any single corporation in that industry —in terms which would leave the enforcing agency a fair margin of flexibility. Once these criteria were fixed, the enforcing agency could issue the specific orders which would reduce over-large corporations to proper size: they might be told to get rid of subsidiaries, to divide into their component parts, or to take other action. Obviously, the corporation would have the right of appeal to the federal courts; equally obviously, exceptions would have to be made in those cases in which the national defense or the public interest would best be served by permitting a corporation to continue, carefully regulated, in outsize dimensions. Celler admits that changes in the tax laws might be necessary; if Dupont, for instance, had to sell its General Motors interest, a softening of the capital-gains tax would be essential.

The details of the program are still fluid. But the general objectives to be sought by the projected legislation are about as outlined above. And the hearings are building up a substantial mass of supporting evidence.

Celler points out that 114 firms control 46 per cent of the manufacturing capacity of the country. The extent of "family control" in our biggest industries is approaching that which existed in pre-Hitler Germany. Already it is clear that our industrial giants are in effect public institutions which can't be talked of, intelligently, in the old free-enterprise terms. (Suppose, says Celler, that General Motors were about to fail; General Motors

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is the dominant economic fact in the lives of one and one-half million citizens; "we couldn't let General Motors fail any more than we could let the state of Colorado fail.")

In addition, the subcommittee is collecting evidence on the question: Is the super-corporation more efficient, in producing, than the small one? So far, Celler believes, the indications are pretty clear that it is less efficient. Its profit-making efficiency, to be sure, is far greater, but its production efficiency is something else again.

Whether the program which Celler finally brings out will have the blessing of the Administration, no one can yet say. But it is significant that the President has ordered the executive departments to give the subcommittee their fullest cooperation. In his recent St. Paul speech the President spoke eloquently about the need to keep monopolies from swallowing up small business —and one of the fascinating things about Mr. Truman is the way in which, months after he has tossed off a fine generality, he unexpectedly demonstrates that he really meant it.

Germany: Back to 1921?

BY CAROLUS

Bonn, November 10

THERE is no ready-made solution for the German problem. If Germany and its nearly seventy million people were isolated from Europe, and from the world, and placed in a retort, one might perhaps be found. If the world were not split into an Eastern and a Western bloc, the problem of Germany in so far as it is one of power politics would probably not exist. But since the Marshall Plan began to operate and the Berlin blockade proved a failure, Germany has inch by inch emerged from its isolation, until now we have a West German state here and an East German state over there.

East and West are struggling, each in its own way, to get possession of Germany, of the German labor force and the German industrial plants, including those in the Ruhr; they are casting covetous eyes on the human and material war potential of these seventy million people in the heart of Europe. The lamentable power politics of the post-war period have brought the European problem to a head in Germany, just as they have brought to a head in Europe the conflict which has divided the world into two armed camps and threatens it with a catastrophe of measureless proportions.

In the tug of war for Germany and the Germans, the Western bloc contents itself with a defensive effort. It seeks only to keep Germany as far as the Elbe under its control and to ward off any economic or political crisis which might render the West Germans susceptible to propaganda from the East. Soviet Russia cannot boast of such modest aims; perhaps it dare not limit its ambitions to the same extent. It must be more aggressive because the Ruhr is in West Germany.

The West puts its trust in the appeal of democracy. Moscow relies on its almost religious faith that capitalism is dying. Moscow does not intend to stand still on the Elbe; it wants all Germany. And if the Western powers think they can defend their Germany with the democratic idea of a United States of Europe, Moscow counts on marching to the Rhine under the banner of German nationalism and German unity.

In this contest for Germany the West has certain valuable trumps. It has the nine million refugees who fled to the western zones from the East. It has the traditional hatred of the Germans for Poles, Czechs, and indeed all Slavs. The tragic fate of Berlin speaks for it, as do the dictatorial processes in the East German state, the concentration camps, the compulsory labor, and, in comparison with West Germany, the low standard of living. Surely these things ought to immunize West Germans to contagion from the East; Soviet Russia and its East German state have not many attractions to offer.

But Russia has a trump to use against the United States and its allies in German nationalism and autocracy, which are much more deeply ingrained in the German psychology than internationalism and democracy. It has another trump in the conflict of interests within the Western bloc—the disagreements over the dismantlings, over the Saar region, over the solution of the West German state's primary problem, the export of its products. Unless it can export, the new state cannot live—cannot keep its people at work, cannot feed them. It is getting along fairly well today, thanks to Marshall Plan aid, but tomorrow, when that aid stops, it will collapse like a house of cards.

Whatever lives has its inner dynamism; and seventy million Germans have a tremendous will to live. Of course, they are reaping every possible advantage from the competition for their favors between East and West; of course they are playing off one against the other. And it is not surprising that the sense of power thus gained

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is developing into an unbridled arrogance that makes their so-called reeducation pure farce. They are probably building on sand and will again meet catastrophe—but that is beside the point. The only thing that matters is whether the Western powers will be able to save their protégé from being drawn into the orbit of the East, and perhaps even make it a magnet for the twenty million Germans in the Russian-controlled East German state.

THE high commissioners for the Western Allies—McCloy, Robertson, and François-Poncet—do what Washington, London, and Paris prescribe, and that is in most cases the wrong thing. In the interest of their own countries they meddle in German politics and business, paying particular attention to the industries of Rhineland-Westphalia, which produce the bulk of Germany's coal, iron, and steel. A vast majority of the German people—not only the Social Democrats but all of German labor, including the workers organized in Catholic unions—have openly demanded the nationalization of key industries. They cannot envision either a democratic or a peaceful Germany if these industries remain in private hands. The preservation of the status quo will mean that the same powerful financial interests which have two world wars and the Hitler regime on their conscience will become the masters of the new state. The opposition of these interests to the Socialist reorganization of the German economy which is the precondition of real democracy is reinforced by the admonition of the United States: Germany must be made safe for private enterprise.

Under a private-enterprise system the same evil forces that were dominant in Hitler's time will get their hands on the economic, political, and social apparatus of the republic and make everyone in the government do their bidding—ministers, judges, police, school teachers. In a country like the United States, private industry occasionally produces individuals possessing a humane, democratic, and responsible outlook—but not in Germany. Private enterprise, or the "free play of economic forces" as it is called by the Adenauer government and the parliamentary majority won for it by the money of the industrialists plus the exhortations of the Catholic bishops, means that big business exercises unlimited political and economic power. And that is to be the basis not only for a revived German industry underpinned with foreign, chiefly American, capital but for a German-French understanding and for the security of Western Europe against the East!

A German-French-Belgian-Luxembourg steel trust is expected to solve the European question. At the same time the West German Republic, France, Belgium, and Luxembourg will form a Catholic bloc from which the Protestant and largely Social Democratic East German state will be excluded; and if Dr. Adenauer at Christmas time makes the first pilgrimage from Germany to Rome, his journey will not be simply an expression of his own religious feeling. All too obviously it will be a political act. The Catholic Bismarck on the Rhine invites comparison with the old Protestant Bismarck from East Prussia.

Chancellor Adenauer

Though Chancellor Adenauer's majority is made up of many opposing elements, his government has shown itself to be a faithful and efficient steward for private business and the propertied classes. It is already hated by the people. The Parliament simply serves as democratic scenery; if it should aspire to be more than that, its smoldering antagonism to Dr. Adenauer would develop into an open conflict which might quickly bring on a government crisis.

Private enterprise, a Continental coal-and-steel trust, European Union—unfortunately, all these together will not raise German exports to the level required for the economic and social stability of the West German state. West Germany's export market is in the East, and the middle-class elements squinting in that direction are considerably stronger than official propaganda tries to make out. Russia could throw open that market. A few weeks ago hardly a day passed without lamentations for the 250,000 Germans kept in Czechoslovakia because of their technical skill at the time of the expulsion of the rest of the German minority. Today they are never mentioned, and few West Germans know that they have all been resettled in their former homes in Bohemia. Russia can do many things. It can make Rokossovsky master of Poland; it could solve the problem of the refugees from the East.

The overwhelming majority of West Germans, especially the workers, are in no wise attracted by the so-called "people's democracy" of a Russian satellite state. But there is a terrifying parallel between the present and the past. Hitler did not have a majority of the people behind him and yet came to power—largely because of the weakness and apathy of his opponents. German democracy was so rotten in 1933 that it did not seem worth defending. The new, oh so tender West German democracy is already attacked by decay from within and without. The bitterest enemy of the Federated Republic, even Moscow, could not wish it to have a government different from Dr. Adenauer's.

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DEMOCRACY IN LATIN AMERICA

IV. "Good Neighbors"—Fact and Fancy

BY BERNARD MISHKIN

HAVING said its piece on China, the Department of State ought now to pass to the delicate problem of inter-American relations. There is great need for a White Paper on the good-neighbor countries, one which will reject sentimentality, face facts, and speak out in an unembarrassed voice. It would be desirable, too, to hasten the release of such a policy pronouncement. For what has been going on around and below the Canal during the past two years allows the hecklers to ask: Can the government of the United States afford to do battle for democracy and freedom in far-away continents while under its very nose democracy's faintest outlines are erased and the idea of freedom is spat upon? And as the military coups and acts of violence continue, the more serious question arises: What good is the Good Neighbor policy in the new situation?

Washington is unfortunately ill prepared to undertake a realistic appraisal of the present state of affairs in South America. The purgative of the China White Paper has not yet taken effect, and nervous officials are reminding themselves that the full story of Marshall Plan aid will soon have to be told. Moreover, to deal with inter-American relations realistically means breaking with an honored, though newly established, tradition. For nearly two decades the execution of American policy in South America has closely resembled the old Hapsburg diplomacy in the petty principalities of Central Europe. Sensitive feelings in the various republics seem often to decide important matters of policy. Civil servants live in perpetual fear that an insult, intended or unintended, may wreck hemisphere unity, which like the idea of unity in the days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire has been both sanctified and deified. In the name of hemisphere unity statesmen, students, writers, and entertainers have had to conform to a code of good-neighbor etiquette bequeathed to the nation by Sumner Welles. The non-conformists—Spruille Braden and others—have been sacrificed. It is doubtful whether anyone left in government service remembers what is wrong with South America or is willing to say so.

There is another difficulty. The basic principles of existing inter-American agreements are believed by many Americans to be an inherent part, as well as a species of adornment, of the American Way. How this view came into being is not hard to explain. Only the day before yesterday the United States was pursuing a course of action in South America far different from today's "sweetness and light" program. The Colossus of the North was actively, brashly imperialistic. It was the day of dollar diplomacy, of military occupation and intervention. Memories of the techniques of American imperialism during that era still provoke shudders and guilt feelings. But dollar diplomacy was rendered obsolete by the wholesale defaults on South American bonds and was finally outlawed by the New Deal. In the light of past sins recognition of the sovereign equality of all American states has the appearance of high political morality. The principle of non-intervention sounds like the pledge of a reformed drunkard—virtuous and convincing. The Estrada doctrine of automatic recognition of any and all governments that may come to power marks the rediscovery of one of the great rules of democracy—"self-determination." That these principles are the expressions of a sentimental nationalism, that they reflect the outworn concepts of nineteenth-century liberalism as misinterpreted by Wilson, that they flatly contradict the logic of the American position in Europe and Asia, that the Good Neighbor policy has been essentially undemocratic inasmuch as it has not concerned itself with the problem of democracy in South America, and that the United States has practiced a more effective imperialism under the aegis of the Good Neighbor policy than ever before—none of these arguments can, in the present hour, weaken the appeal of the Good Neighbor policy or correct the view that it is based on eternal verities.

A third difficulty in preparing a White Paper on South America is that the republics to the south form nearly one-third of the members of the United Nations. Putting the "Latin American bloc" on the spot will not help American prestige in the world organization. Since the first meeting of the General Assembly, the United States has had twenty-one votes for any resolution it has wished to sponsor. Say what one will of South American individualism, their delegations have gen-

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erally voted with remarkable obedience, unsurpassed even by the nations of the Russian orbit. A revision of policy might adversely affect voting discipline; the American position might, in many instances, lose its aura of unanimity.

And one other obstacle. The expensive government campaign to sell South America to the general public has failed miserably. Not even legislators show any further interest in good neighborliness now that Congressional junkets to Europe are in full swing again. The truth is, no one takes South American affairs seriously. Perhaps the American public is to blame. Or it may be the fault of South America itself, or of its interpreters with their penchant for producing amiable tourist views, sweetened by the color and charm of Creole life, saddened a little by the extreme poverty, and enlivened by the "Balkanisms." Whatever the explanation, the lack of popular interest creates a vacuum. The pressure of public opinion is nowhere to be found, and the Administration has no incentive to cope with the problem.

But despite all these obstacles the Administration must come to grips with South American realities. The United States cannot continue to ignore events which constantly cause embarrassment and reveal confusions of policy. The excuse of first things first and that South America is rather small potatoes is not altogether satisfying. The various components of a foreign policy are interrelated; they must jibe. Each component must possess a certain validity or it will soon entangle the rest in its errors.

It might be argued that a valid approach to South America which goes beyond the pious principles of the Good Neighbor policy already exists. There is the security program of the Atlantic Pact defined in global-defense terms—defense against the Russians whether they attack or not, wherever they may or may not be. Application of the pact to South America would, in the opinion of the military experts, fix everything. The pure defense approach, however, has repeatedly failed to bring about the desired results for the reason that it confuses the object of a policy with the principles designed to implement it. Security can be the object of a policy, not the policy itself, and the defense arrangements necessary in the maintenance of security cannot take the place of a set of principles. That is not to deny the importance of security. Inter-American relations, as well as relations between the United States and most governments outside the Western Hemisphere, will continue to be determined by security considerations for a long time to come. In hemisphere affairs especially any plan of action will have to be checked against the imperatives of defense.

Any plan of action will, by the same token, have to be checked for the facts on which it is based. If the Department of State is not simply to plead extenuating circumstances in the mistakes that have been made, the people of this country must have a clear understanding of the social, political, and economic conditions in the area. Thus far the essential facts have been violated, and, worse, potent myths have grown up to prevent recognition of the facts when they can no longer be hidden. These myths permit the northern half of the hemisphere to believe that the southern half is conceived in its own image, motivated by the same forces, and moving in the same direction. They affirm the presence of institutions that do not exist and deny the existence of those that dominate the scene. They build up convenient alibis for a completely defective social system. As will be seen, they are the greatest stumbling-block to putting inter-American relations on a sane basis.

IN THE following discussion of popular myths about South America the facts briefly noted are not personal discoveries. They are easily available and fairly well known, but they are the things usually left unsaid, or whispered among friends, or told by one South American to another.

1. The seldom challenged assumption that the South American states are "nations" is the commonest and most dangerous myth of all. It is responsible for many of the difficulties in understanding South American affairs and for the more absurd contradictions of United States policy.

None of these states can be considered nations in the power sense. Neither are they nations in the fundamental sociological sense: they lack the community of interest and homogeneity of purpose associated with the concept of nationhood. A few mystical sociologists have lately seized upon the notion that the geographical region is the real unit of South American society. But the alleged feeling of oneness which magnetizes the inhabitants of a given region to a common polarity, if it exists at all, is not an observable phenomenon. In any case, regionalism as a political movement is little more than a bag of tricks by which the provincial politician draws nearer the source of political patronage.

The national and regional community is non-existent. Indeed, a genuine community has not existed even on a village level since the wars of independence. No conception of communal morality and communal responsibility has consequently been able to take root. And herein lies the explanation for the ubiquitous corruption and bribery—why a chief of state will cynically sell oil concessions, why it may be necessary to bribe a postman to deliver your mail intact, why a museum director may sell the Liberator's underpants, a memento of national independence, to a Boston collector.

This peculiar social deficiency is also reflected in the

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sad state of South American culture. In the absence of communal consciousness, the true artist and scientist represent nothing and operate in a void. The first-rate talents are usually destroyed by hunger, ridicule, or lack of recognition. The cultural field is monopolized by amateurs (*aficionados*) who, with parochial-school sophistication and a talent for imitation, paint, sculpt, write history, philosophy, novels, and criticism—sometimes all at once.

2. Another view still widely held is that parliamentary democracy is possible in South America. Before their recent setbacks popular movements such as the Betancourt-Gallegos party in Venezuela had taken power by constitutional means. Similar movements were everywhere gaining headway. With more adequate support from the United States, it is argued, democratic government might have been saved.

This argument makes little sense. An attempt to save democracy in South America would have put the United States in the position of the doctor who rushes into a house to discover that the patient not only is not ill but does not live there. In none of these countries is there a democratic basis of government. It is not that the principles and slogans of democracy are despised. They have been imported and popularized periodically since the days of the American and French revolutions. Unhappily, the revolutions could not themselves be imported—since it is apparently an ironclad rule that a revolution to be convincing must be home-grown—and for good reasons an authentic revolution never occurred. The continent was compelled to stew in its own juice—a juice whose salient characteristics were and are a backward economic structure, feudal mentality, poverty, malnutrition, disease, mendicancy, ignorance, illiteracy, alcoholism, and acute despair.

The proper relations between social classes have likewise been wanting. The landed gentry has no use for democratic forms except during boom periods. While the effect of the American war economy spilled over into South America, the upper class could permit the erection of a democratic façade, but the moment prosperity vanished, the façade had to be packed away. The middle class is too small and too weak to create its own political system. Where it has sufficiently matured to play an independent political role, as in Argentina, it has shown tolerance for a fascist-type government. The lower class has been too depressed, too beaten, to raise its head.

To believe, then, that representative democratic movements can exist in these circumstances is to believe that democracy has biological foundations. The evidence of an election won by a party promising political reform is not too significant; the electorate generally consists of but a tiny percentage of the total population. The claim of mass support weakens further as one observes the ease with which the reform groups have been routed—or better, dismissed—by the military. An effective opposition has not appeared. No guerrillas are springing up in the Andes to cut communications and encircle government troops. Sporadic uprisings of Indian villages which are driven to suicide under all regimes or

Elections coming, Low. The Tory Party's got to fake up a scare. See what you can do with this Stalin mustache
"BULLY SUMMERSKILL"?
NO.. TOO WHOLESOME
"GESTAPO ATTLEE?
AR SHUT UP— DON'T BE SILLY!
"TYRANT BEVIN"?
NO GOOD. HIS POLICY'S TOO LIKE WINSTON'S
"DICTATOR MORRISON?
NAR, TOO POPULAR- NOT LEFT ENOUGH.
"CONCENTRATION-CAMP CRIPPS"?
CAN'T BE DONE WITH THE AMERICANS RESPECTING HIM SO MUCH
"STARVATION STRACHEY"?
UM...NUTS, YES.. BUT HE'S BEEN RIGHT TOO OFTEN
AH-HA! NYE BEVAN!
MOST CAUTIOUS MAN IN THE CABINET, MODEST, KIND TO ANIMALS, HEALTH ACT A SUCCESS, SINGS IN HIS BATH — THE VERY MAN — LET'S GO
Do you want To be murdered in your beds
BEWARE OF RED BEVAN
THE EGOMANIAC

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an isolated trade-union action cannot be taken as signs of the existence of a popular opposition.

Whether or not the opposition was truly democratic to begin with is another question, which in view of its present status may seem academic. But in several instances at least there is justification for doubt. The Peruvian party known as APRA, for example, was noted for its conspiratorial and autocratic methods. Its leader, Haya de la Torre, although he has lived for years in Western democracies, is said to have exhibited many traits of the Creole figure on horseback—the *caudillo*. If that is true, he is not to be blamed. The pattern of political leadership is set, and the chief of APRA had to play the *caudillo* or surrender his political ambitions.

Government by *caudillismo*, or rule from the saddle, remains almost the sole form of rule in South America. Without the *caudillo* the machinery of government becomes increasingly paralyzed until it cannot function on the simplest level. The spirit of an interregnum prevails; conflicting interests are suspended in mid-air, anxiously awaiting the advent of the new *caudillo*. When finally he arrives a great sigh of relief goes up. *Orden y progreso* are reestablished. The church and the landowners pull in their claws and once more smile tolerantly at the vulgar manners of the governing set. The people, instead of resisting, come out to acclaim the hero. There is, after all, a popular basis of government.

What makes the poor and depressed classes responsive, or at least passively receptive, to each new *caudillo* may be a problem for the psychoanalysts. Amateur Freudians have suggested that the South American mass represents the female element, the *caudillo* the male. Perhaps, as some have thought, the key to the mystery lies in a process of identification which allows impoverished peons to enjoy vicariously the accession to wealth and power of one of their own. That might explain too why the identification is not broken when they are betrayed. Instead of evoking bitterness, betrayal is each time the best part of the game, providing the illusion that the betrayed are sharing the loot. They drink in the sordid details of the bribe, the precise terms of the concession given at their expense, and they applaud their *caudillo* as a clever fellow.

It is futile to rail against the military and demand their abolition. They are an important part of the system and they make it work.

3. The favorite myth of liberals is that American imperialism has been the chief cause of South America's present predicament. An accusing finger is pointed at the record of American business during the twenties, and it is charged, quite rightly, that the Good Neighbor policy was first evolved with the object of winning a larger foreign market for industry in the depression years. The perpetuation of American imperialism has supposedly thwarted South American economic development and hence must be held responsible for what has happened since 1947.

The exploitation of South America by North American interests is a plain fact. Yet in considering American imperialism, or for that matter the other imperialisms in the area, the complementary fact should be recognized—that South America is made for exploitation, gets a living from it, precarious though that living may be, and is unprepared for another kind of existence. The exclusion of foreign imperialism at this point would bring disaster. A low standard of living would be driven even lower. A disorganized, inefficient economy would collapse completely and end the hope that it would one day be able to serve the needs of the local population. The beginnings of a healthy economic system must be visible to the naked eye before the costly benefits of American investment can be dispensed with and the colonial economy scrapped.

The appearance of economic innovation and progress in South America during the war years was illusory. Most of the industrialization schemes have died because of the unwillingness of local capital to come to their aid. The existing light industries have had to contend with high costs (inefficient labor) and a purchasing power which, low in the beginning, has been ruinously dissipated by exorbitant "mark-ups." The prospects for heavy industry have been summed up in a sentence which applies to the whole of South America: "If Argentina had coal, it could build a steel industry, if it had iron." Suitable iron ore has not been found in close proximity to good supplies of coking coal. If they should be found together, it is uncertain, as the economy is at present constituted, that South American steel would be used for the development of South American industry. It would more probably provide the producing country with another commodity for export, thus maintaining the purity of its colonial economy.

Despite a great deal of talk no serious attack has been made on the problem of the land. On the contrary, concentration of land holdings in the hands of the few has gone on at an accelerated tempo. Out of allegiance to the colonial system, the land magnates continue to put new land into the one or two export crops on which each country lives and gambles. They do not concern themselves with food production. That is left more and more to the multitude of strip farmers whose methods are picturesque but hardly efficient. Agriculture of the latter type cannot enter into the calculations of the national economy any more than bicycles can figure in a national inventory of transport.

The problems of the land and industrialization show that the real trouble has not been too much imperialism

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but rather too little and too restricted. American capital has failed to do its job. It has followed the old-fashioned mercantilist formulas or invested in extractive industry where primitive methods of production still prevail. Distinctive twentieth-century imperialism—the export of capital goods—has been practiced on a piddling scale. As a result, colonialism in South America has remained intact and "the seeds of its destruction" still await planting.

South Americans of all classes ardently long for this more fruitful imperialism. The old attitude is gone. Typical of the new are the views of Carlos Davila, who was once President of Chile for a number of hours and can be considered an authority on the political effects of insufficient imperialism. In his recent book, "We of the Americas," American business is pictured as the Messiah on whose coming hope and salvation depend. The fear expressed is not of "Yanqui" imperialism, but that his countrymen may not benefit under the Point Four program, the fear that American capital may go elsewhere.

4. In some circles the Roman Catholic church has been held responsible for all that is wrong and intolerable in South American life.

The church, admittedly, has not been a great help, but not all the ills of the region are to be laid at its door; nor even 95 per cent of them. The church meddles in politics, but it did not invent the political system. It has frequently beggared the people to the point of nudity and has, at all times, upheld the social order. But beggary would go on it without it; and so would the social order.

On firmer ground is the specific indictment that the church is allied with the landowning class to prevent agrarian reform. Being itself a great land monopolist, the position of the church regarding proposals to break up the big estates has never been in doubt. It has fought hard on the side of property and has won in every country of Latin America with the exception of Mexico. However, as the Mexican case seems to prove, a victory for the political reformers does not mean solution of the land question. It is too late to divide up larger concentrations of land among a peasantry that is incapable of developing its potential productiveness. Perhaps in blocking reform the church has unwittingly brought nearer the possibility of a real solution.

In a relatively sound society, efforts of the church to invade the domain of the state and shape government policy need not be successful. The magnitude of the secular power of the church in South America reflects once again the unsound character of a colonial society.

5. The myth that the Communists are behind recent events and have created a general condition of unrest requires little comment. In the outbreaks of violence witnessed by trustworthy observers no Communists have been in evidence—only beggars, pimps, hoodlums, waterfront scum, and delinquent schoolboys—the same elements that gather at the rallies of Perón's *descamisados*. The military coups, it is fairly certain, have not been carried out by Communists posing as generals. In short, the Communists are not a factor in the present situation. Their past achievements, aside from minor electoral victories in a few countries—since canceled by the new governments—have been unimpressive. As for their future, it is sufficiently gloomy to reassure the most panicky. A colonial area without adequate resources has small chance of going Communist unless it is situated near enough to Russia to fit into its defense scheme. It is inconceivable that an area which has been incorporated into the American defense scheme and must live off the bounty of the capitalist world would dare make the experiment.

A PERMANENT solution in South America is beyond the scope of a White Paper; it is also beyond the capacities of the United States government to achieve. The major problems of backward countries—as, today, the major problems of advanced countries—arise from their relations with the rest of the world. Presumably, the nations of the world acting together will one day solve them; and it may be noted in passing that a permanent solution is a far less ticklish matter than temporary expedients. There is nothing radically wrong with a colonial economy if no one is taken advantage of—that is, if it is not a colonial economy. The one-crop system is not intrinsically evil if the world will guarantee a market and a price, insure the producers against the inevitable risks, and see that the bona fide producers benefit from their labor. An agricultural economy is not inferior to an industrial economy if it can provide the standard of living more frequently identified with the latter. But these truisms are relevant only in the long-range approach. For the moment, the principal aim of American policy in South America must be the attainment of at least the minimum degree of political stability necessary to hemisphere security.

Because the basic ingredient of political stability is relative economic well-being, the new policy whose general shape a White Paper would divulge should be primarily a program of economic action. The details of that program can be left to the economic analysts and planners. It must, however, be conceived along the following lines:

1. Large amounts of capital will have to be poured into the region if immediate results are to be obtained. South America needs electrification, industrialization, irrigation, and mechanization of agriculture. Each of these is a costly proposition. None of them can be supplied

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under the financial terms of reference now envisioned in the Point Four program.

2. Private capital on the scale required is not available. Facilities will have to be created for the investment of public capital.

3. The problem of balancing the South American economies must be given serious attention. During the past year the Department of State has encouraged several of the South American republics to concentrate on increasing agricultural production rather than proceed with plans for industrialization. In the present state of the world this policy would tend to bolster colonialism. Although increased agricultural production—especially of food crops—is important, an improved standard of living is dependent upon the growth of local industry.

4. American investments will have to be safeguarded. The threat will come from the landowning class, the military, and the church, which by their refusal to accept the changes resulting from American investment could bring about a condition of disorder and violence. The possibility must be allowed that coercion may have to be used against these groups with vested interests in the status quo.

The four points presented here may appear to reestablish the framework of an aggressive imperialist policy in South America. If they suggest imperialism, however, it is imperialism of a sort not hitherto practiced by the United States. In reality, they are the first principles of a revolution calculated to break up an anachronistic social system whose continued survival is inimical to the interests of the United States. The big question is whether Washington is in the proper psychological state to underwrite a revolution, even one which permits South America to develop in our direction and insures American security. Or has the revolutionary trend in Europe and Asia, so distasteful to the American Way, permanently disillusioned the United States with the idea of change in any direction?

Russia's "New" Morality

BY JERRY TALLMER

THE pages of Russian literary and educational magazines have been crowded this past summer with discussions that throw more light, perhaps, on the present nature of the Soviet experiment than the speeches of Vishinsky, the artistic strictures of A. A. Fadayev, or the revelations of professional anti-Communists in the West. These discussions have to do with human affairs—morality, family problems, the raising of children, parental authority, sex education, and the like—both within the Soviet Union and, by contrast, in more "bourgeois" societies. What emerges from a careful reading is strong confirmation of the reports we have occasionally received over the years of an unmistakable drift in Russia toward a Victorian socio-sexual puritanism, in accord with the Kremlin's desire to bring all Russians into conformity with the stereotype of the perfect "Soviet man." As long ago as 1936 Louis Fischer disclosed in these pages that the Politburo was clamping down on abortions, until then as easy to obtain in Russia as tonsillectomies; in "The Yogi and the Commissar" (1945) Arthur Koestler deplored the rebirth of the "cadet schools" and other traditional forms of secondary education in the U. S. S. R.; and related observations have from time to time been made by various critics, although generally on the basis of fragmentary evidence. Now, however, we have been provided with an abundance of evidence from headquarters itself, all showing that the Soviet Union, once the defender of sexual liberty, has become a nation where illicit relations are frowned upon, divorce is under attack, and parents are advised to handle their children firmly and keep them in the dark about sex until the age of puberty at least.

Articles on these subjects have appeared in English translation in recent issues of the *Current Digest of the Soviet Press*, an excellent weekly publication started a little less than a year ago by the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies in Washington and deserving of much more attention from editors, scholars, and ordinary Americans than it has so far received. It covers with amazing completeness both the daily Soviet press and the Russian weekly and monthly magazines, and its translations are done with great skill and without editorial comment of any sort.

In its issue of June 28 are two long essays on parental authority and sex education by the late A. S. Makarenko which appeared last summer as supplements to *Sovetskaya pedagogika* (*Soviet Education*) and received, therefore, wide distribution among teachers throughout the U. S. S. R. In the same issue *Current Digest* also reproduces a tribute to Makarenko by one Yu. Lukin, published earlier in the year in *Novy Mir* (*New World*) a literary monthly. Makarenko, we learn, was a pioneering educator who had served as director of the Dzerzhinsky Labor Commune of the Ukrainian G. P. U. He died in 1939, a prophet without honor in his own land. According to Lukin, Makarenko waged "a manful and severe struggle" against the "false educators who [in the 1920's] enjoyed the protection of the administration of the People's Commissariat of Education." He has lately come into his own, and his authoritarian precepts

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United We Stand

ALBANY, N. Y., October 13.—The New York State Catholic Welfare Committee said today that the position of the State Health Commissioner and State Department of Education regarding sex education in the common schools is "fundamentally at variance with traditional Christian teaching." . . . Charles J. Tobin, secretary of the . . . committee, . . . added: "We foresee serious consequences to youth if a sex-education program is introduced in the schools of the state."—From the New York *Times*.

—"I am a more or less severe man, I can shout"—are today supported and amplified by contemporary writers. One of his disciples is Z. Guseva, whose extensive comparison of Soviet and Western morality, taken from the July issue of *Oktyabr*, another literary monthly, is published in the *Current Digest* for September 13.

Some excerpts* from Makarenko's and Guseva's articles will show how Russians are exhorted to conduct themselves today.

On Parental Authority [Makarenko]: The very meaning of authority consists in that it requires no proofs, that it is accepted as the unchallenged virtue of an older person; it is his power and worth as seen through the simple eyes of a child. . . . There are many sorts of false authority [including those of "suppression," "distance," "conceit," "pedantism," "reasoning," "love," "kindness," "friendship," "bribery," "merriment," "shirt-sleeves," and "beauty"]. . . . The chief basis of parental authority can only be the life and work of the parents, their civic entity, their conduct. . . . The civic authority of the parents will attain its highest level only when this authority is [that] of a member of a group. If you succeed in bringing up your son so that he will be proud of the entire factory where his father works . . . then you have reared him correctly. . . . Our life is the life of Socialist society. Father and mother must appear before their children as participants in this life.

In addition, Makarenko explains, the Russian parent must extend the "authority of aid"—help a child when "he doesn't know how to proceed."

On Sex Education [Makarenko]: The October Socialist revolution wiped out the political, legal, and economic inequality of women, but some people have incorrectly understood this freedom and have decided that human sex life can be carried on with a disorderly succession of husbands and wives. . . . Such practices necessarily lead to a laxity and vulgarization of relationships unworthy of man. . . . In his sex life as in his life as a whole, man cannot forget that he is a member of society, a citizen of his country, a participant in our Socialist construction. . . . Soviet man cannot ignore the demand of social morality, which . . . in the realm of sex makes definite demands on each citizen. . . . Every parent must work toward training the future citizen to be happy only in family love and to seek the joys of sex life only in marriage. . . .

Sex education in the old days received considerable attention. Many even thought that the realm of sex was fundamental in man's physical and psychic constitution and basic to all human conduct. . . . Though many of these "theories" remained buried in books . . . a number have seeped out, fostering most harmful and dangerous opinions. . . . The fact that a child often asks where children come from does not mean one must explain it through and through when he is so young. . . . We need not burden him prematurely with knowledge beyond his understanding. . . . The proper time will come . . . and there is no danger involved [meanwhile] in answering him: "You're still a little tyke; when you grow up you'll find out." We must note here that the child cannot have any persistent interest in sex problems. Such interest comes only with puberty.

A child, Makarenko says, finally, should be educated "for love"—the wellspring of sex: "If, on growing up, the child has not learned to love his parents, brothers and sisters, his school, his country—if the rudiments of coarse egoism have been encouraged in his character, it is difficult to imagine his loving the woman of his choice." I have not space to present Makarenko's educational theories in detail, but an idea of them can be gained from this remark of his: "Don't misunderstand me. I am an advocate of a degree of militarization. Not goosestepping but economy of forces."

On Morality [Guseva]: Why are the most unbridled sexual perversions so shamelessly relished in [the United States]? . . . The amorality with which the entire capitalist world is imbued is expressed with particular intensity in attitudes toward women. . . . Depravity and prostitution go hand in hand with bourgeois marriage. . . . Alienation and mutual lack of understanding between children and parents, the hostility between two generations, marital infidelity and extra-marital relations are basic themes of bourgeois literature. . . . That star of American bourgeois literature, Henry Miller, . . . tramples, ridicules, and defiles everything held sacred by man: love of country, children, mother and wife, faithfulness and friendship. . . .

In contrast . . . proletarian morality reflects the new relationships taking shape in the workers' environment. . . . The question is not one of the disappearance of the family under socialism, as bourgeois-anarchist "theoreticians" prophesied, but of its further strengthening and perfection, in none other than its monogamous form. . . . In the early years of the Soviet state . . . enemies of socialism spread the seemingly . . . revolutionary theory of "free love," which actually had nothing in common with Communist morality. . . . The Soviet person elevates the feeling of love . . . aware of his civic responsibility for it . . . [which] echoes in the words of [a character in a recent Russian novel]:

*Taken, with permission, from the *Current Digest*.

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"To me, love is an event determining the course of my life, like entering the party. . . ."

One cannot agree with Professor V. N. Kolbanovsky, [who says that] "the right of divorce applies in exceptional cases, when life together becomes unbearable as a consequence of biological, psychological, or other causes." Making the fate and welfare of the Soviet family dependent upon purely biological factors . . . excludes the influence upon love of the factors of ideas, spiritual closeness between husband and wife, and awareness of their social duty.

Then Guseva goes into the only justified grounds for divorce, which appear to be that one's mate has "betrayed his Motherland." Finally, quoting Zhdanov: "Our literature 'has the right to teach others a new universal morality.' "

New?

The Subversive Drugstore

BY MALCOLM HOBBS

Washington, November 17

ON THE northwest corner of Fifteenth and K Streets in Washington, the heart of the city's "Wall Street," is a drugstore called the Investment Pharmacy. The place is chrome-plated, clean, and looks prosperous. A coke never has a lipstick smear on the edge of the glass. Too conservative to have "Kleenex" bargains pasted on its windows, it is not quite ritzy enough to bill its three pharmacists as "chemists."

Last summer, when the investigators of the House Committee on Un-American Activities ran out, temporarily, of atomic spies, State Department reds, and Hollywood borers-from-within, the committee undertook a probe of Communist activity in the District of Columbia. Nothing exciting was unearthed. The local newspapers gave the investigation big advance billing, then gradually lost interest. National notice was slight. One of the witnesses was the owner of the Investment Pharmacy, Mrs. Rose Edelman Anderson, and this is the story of what happened to her.

A small, tense, gray-haired woman of fifty-eight, Mrs. Anderson had built up the Investment Pharmacy into one of the largest independent drugstores in Washington. She had started it twenty-two years ago in partnership with her first husband and since his death in 1932 had run the store herself. Though she was a shrewd and successful business woman, she was a member of the Progressive Party and a contributor to the Wallace campaign. Employee relations in her store were exceptionally friendly. Two of the pharmacists had been with her twenty years; the store manager started as a soda-fountain boy fourteen years ago. The Investment Pharmacy was the first downtown store in Washington to employ Negroes at its lunch counters, and most of the original crew is still there. The Board of Health repeatedly gave her the award for keeping the cleanest soda fountain in the city. An A. F. of L. organizer, a tall, big-jointed Swedish carpenter named John Anderson, once tried to organize the store. He did not arouse much interest among the employees because their wages were above union minimums, but the boss was interested, and the two became friends. Eventually they were married.

Mrs. Anderson was summoned to appear before the committee on June 29, the first day of the Washington investigation. The subpoena stated that she was to produce "all records relating to contributions made by her to the Communist Party of the District of Columbia, including the records relating to . . . a $1,000 contribution to Emmanuel Levin." An "Emmanuel Levin" was connected with the bonus marchers back in 1932. Mrs. Anderson had never made such a contribution, and the matter was not even brought up at the hearing. The committee questioned her about her first husband, Dr. Louis Edelman, and emphasized the fact that she had been born in Russia and had come to this country at the age of twelve.

On advice of her lawyer, Clifford J. Durr, former Federal Communications Commissioner, Mrs. Anderson refused to answer the question whether she was or ever had been a member of the Communist Party, on grounds of self-incrimination. Such a refusal undoubtedly causes a witness to be branded a party member, but it also protects innocent witnesses from contempt and perjury indictments. When it is the word of a witness against the word of an informer, especially an informer with an ax to grind, the outcome is at best doubtful.

Mrs. Anderson's hearing was short and routine, but it started a long train of troubles. She appeared before the committee on a Tuesday. On Wednesday morning pictures of Mrs. Anderson clipped from the newspapers, together with news stories carrying headlines about "D. C. Reds," appeared on the walls in the men's and women's rooms and by the elevator entrances in both the eleven-story Investment Building and the Southern Railway Building across K Street. Employees of the National Association of Manufacturers and the Aetna Life Insurance Company, which occupy large offices in

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the Investment Building, and of the neighboring Southern Railway were noticeably absent from the drugstore lunch counter. An employee of the Southern Railway who said that he had eaten at the Investment Pharmacy for years and would continue to do so was told by his office to toe the line or else. Rose Anderson's picture circled in red was tacked up on one firm's bulletin board. The manager of the Investment Building ordered his maintenance people, one of them has said, not to patronize her establishment.

Informal but persistent pickets appeared outside the entrance to the drugstore in the morning, at noon, and after work. They spotted people who patronized the lunch counter and tried to dissuade others from doing so. Most of the pickets were people in hiring-and-firing positions; one of the most vociferous was a prominent real-estate dealer.

Business fell off to almost nothing at the lunch counter and dropped appreciably in the drug section. Tension grew as the days passed. Several of the Negro fountain tenders reported that people came up and asked them why they were still working for "that red Jew." The manager, a devout Catholic, began to show the strain: the Pope's excommunication of Communists was issued at about that time. But no employees left. To avoid incidents Mrs. Anderson stayed away from the store. Although nothing was carried in the press until after the affair was over, she received daily calls from reporters at her home, asking if her business was for sale.

One of Washington's leading merchants drove out to her house in the country. "Rose," he said, "you've got to go back up on the Hill and tell that committee all you know." He invoked the good name of the "business community" and when she was not impressed asked what right she had to deny information to "an agency of the government." "Some night," he said, "they'll come and pick you up and you'll get a twelve to eighteen months' sentence unless you talk." He is a man with whom Mrs. Anderson had done business for years, and she doesn't know what he meant by this obscure threat.

Finally a well-known and influential church leader, an old friend of Mrs. Anderson's, advised her to go away for three months and let the affair blow over. She told him that she would take his advice if he would first look over the situation at the drugstore. After doing so he advised her to sell out immediately.

On July 29 Rose Anderson sold the Investment Pharmacy to the man who had been its manager. The price indicated liquidation rather than sale at normal market value. The house in the country was rented, and Rose and John Anderson went to live with their daughter in Maryland. On the day of the sale, signs in the windows of the store read: "Sold—Under New Ownership." Business became normal again.

The Investment Pharmacy had been doing a gross business of $300,000 a year. After the committee investigation, which showed no more than that Rose Anderson had been born in Russia and was "reported" to be engaged in Communist activity, she received a check for $6 to compensate for her time at the hearing.

Science Notebook

BY LEONARD ENGEL

I HAVE no inside information which would enable me to deny or affirm categorically the reputed Soviet use of atomic bombs to raze mountains. The best I can do is put two and two together. On that basis, it seems to me that there may be a kernel of interesting truth in Vishinsky's recent extravagant statements.

The Soviet spokesman's story has been labeled absurd on the ground that atomic explosives cannot possibly be used as construction blasting agents, and that in any case the U. S. S. R. possesses too few atomic bombs to "waste" even one in an attempt to change geography. But the undoubted scarcity of Soviet A-bombs might well have led the Russians to the view that not even a test explosion should be wasted, that the energy released by it should be utilized in some way. While atomic explosives would not in general make either a convenient or an economical substitute for dynamite, they might conceivably perform one construction chore quite well—block a valley to divert a river by blasting the adjacent slopes.

The Russians have been talking of several major river-diversion projects for some time. Plans were formulated before the war for diverting streams in the Ural region into the Caspian Sea, whose falling level threatens not only the important oil port of Baku but the famous Caspian sturgeon fisheries. Shortly after the end of the war it was announced that the course of some of the mighty, little-known rivers flowing northward across Siberia into the Arctic Ocean was to be reversed so that they could be used to irrigate Central Asian deserts. It is not impossible that the Russians tested their A-bomb by a mountainside explosion intended to halt the Ob, its tributary the Irtysh, or the Yenisei at a point where the river passes through a relatively narrow valley.

We have ourselves carried out more than one river-diversion scheme, most recently the $100,000,000 Colorado-Big Thompson project for shifting part of the Colorado River from the western slope of the Rockies to the semi-arid area of central Colorado. Diverting the Ob or Yenisei would dwarf the Big Thompson project, but the Russians are often even more uninhibited about breath-taking projects than we. Bold imagination was required for what they have been doing in the Arctic, and for the initiation of the vast Soviet farm-collectivization and mechanization scheme. Pressed as they are to find short cuts to bring them to the level of development of the United States, the Russians may well have decided to use necessary atomic bomb tests to try to advance one of their grandiose construction schemes.

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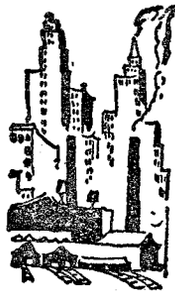

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Post-Strike Outlook

THE early months of this year were marked by a definite if not very deep recession in business associated with overloaded inventories, particularly in the consumer-goods industries. Distribution pipe lines had filled up, and there was a tendency for consumers to postpone purchases pending price declines. Many manufacturers of textiles, electrical appliances, and some other forms of hardware cut back production sharply, causing a considerable rise in unemployment. However, the total picture was a spotty one. In some areas, notably New England, the decline in business almost reached the acute stage; in others the surface of prosperity was barely ruffled. The automobile industry, on which so many trades depend, continued to boom; the vital construction industries remained busy, with increases in housing and public works compensating for some diminution in industrial and commercial building.

Meanwhile aggregate personal income was well maintained—in fact, for the first nine months of this year it has held at a higher rate than in 1948. There was no serious setback in consumption, which for a time exceeded the reduced volume of production. Thus the swollen inventories which had caused so much alarm began to decline, and after mid-summer new orders started to reach the factories. By August business was showing signs of rapid improvement. Employment in non-farm occupations rose by half a million in the month ended August 15, and output of non-durable goods reached the highest point since March, with textiles, shoes, paper, and tobacco products in the van. The next month the National Association of Purchasing Agents reported a wide increase in production schedules. In short, the recession appeared to be over, which lent support to those who had insisted all along that it was a healthy adjustment rather than a prelude to economic collapse.

Since then, however, we have had a six weeks' stoppage in the coal fields and a steel strike lasting over a month, accompanied by prognostications of prolonged damage to the economy. Is this gloom justified? Has a promising recovery been nipped in the bud, and are we now headed for a new decline in business? Personally, I do not think we have suffered more than a purely temporary setback. Of course, the strikes have played hob with the statistical series with which we attempt to measure the economic state of the nation. October and November indices of production and employment in the durable-goods industries will undoubtedly show marked declines when they are published in due course. Personal incomes are certain to have reached a smaller total last month than in September and retail sales have been lagging, although they are now showing signs of improvement. On the other hand, there are indications that many non-durable-goods industries not directly affected by the strikes have continued to expand output, and building contracts awarded in October were sharply higher than a year ago.

Barring a renewal of the coal strike, which seems unlikely despite John L. Lewis's fulminations, prospects for the next few months seem reasonably good. With a huge backlog of orders, the steel industry should be fully employed, whereas before the strike it was operating at 85.6 per cent of capacity. And while short supplies of steel will hamper the automobile industry for some weeks yet, the check comes at a time when most manufacturers would in any case shut down production lines in order to prepare for next year's models.

What of the longer outlook? The Bureau of Agricultural Economics in its forecast for 1950, issued on October 31, took a mildly bearish view. In the course of the next twelve months, it said, "a further slight reduction in economic activity and a relatively slow decline in prices appear likely." It foresaw rather less employment, a drop in farm income, smaller exports owing to the effects of foreign currency devaluations, and a curtailment of business expenditure on plant and equipment. On the other hand, it expected that public-housing programs would maintain the building boom and pointed out that consumer spending during the first half of 1950 would be bolstered by the payment to veterans of nearly $3 billion in insurance refunds.

I hesitate to disagree with this bureau, which is manned by very able economists, but I wonder whether its forecast of further recession takes sufficient account of the reflationary effects of the unbalanced federal budget. The latest official review of the national finances indicates a deficit for the current fiscal year of $5.5 billion, which compares with an original estimate of under $1 billion. Possibly the actual excess of the Treasury's cash outgo over cash income, which is what really counts in this connection, will prove somewhat less, but in any case it is clear that the government is now pumping a considerable volume of purchasing power into the economy. In addition, borrowing by states and cities for public works and other projects is increasing. Voters on November 8 approved bond issues to an estimated total of $1,500 million, including $500 million for veterans' bonuses in Pennsylvania, $300 million for housing in New York, and $250 million for school construction in California. Altogether there is in sight a very large public outlay to offset the expected declines in private investment and the export surplus—two mainstays of the post-war boom.

Indeed, we should perhaps consider whether reflation through deficit financing may not overshoot the mark and set off a new inflationary spiral. That danger cannot be dismissed offhand, although at the present time there seems to be enough slack in the economy to take care of a considerable increase in consumer demand without a general rise in prices. Moreover, the Federal Reserve authorities could, if necessary, reverse some of the credit-easing moves which they made last spring. At the same time we cannot afford to be over-complacent about the Budget position and should give the President support in his expressed determination to rectify it. Deficit financing can be a useful economic tool, but we must beware of blunting it.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Essays and Asides

THE WORLD OF RONALD FIRBANK

BY ERNEST JONES

RONALD FIRbank is a better and a more important writer than it has ever been fashionable to suppose. If only five of his works are to be in print, those in "Five Novels of Firbank" (New Directions, $5) are soundly chosen, for they include the three last and best—"The Flower Beneath the Foot," "Prancing Nigger," and "Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli," with "Valmouth" and "The Artificial Princess" as pendants, examples of his early manner.

Firbank has been so obscured by the tiresome adulation of the claque which adores his pre-1914 "wickedness" and by the legend he constructed about himself that almost a quarter of a century after his death it is still difficult to disentangle the serious artist from the effeminate posturer who tried so hard—and with indifferent success—to astonish the bourgeois. Sociologically he belongs to the history of sensitive young men who escape from the materialism which has brought money into the family straight into the materialism of the aesthete and the social snob. His enterprising and illiterate north-of-England grandfather made a fortune in contracting; his father married into the gentry, was created a baronet, and lost money; the son lived variously in the society of the Cafe Royal, in seclusion at Oxford, and abroad. Until the last ten years of his life, when, for all his flittings about, he settled himself earnestly to becoming a writer, he was engaged in a seemingly sterile pursuit of the amusing and the beautiful.

The very settings of his novels record this flight from the world of his grandfather into the refinements of another kind of materialism—a Haiti in which the climate does not oppress, a glamorous Spain, in his own terms "some imaginary Vienna" populated by beautiful aristocrats upon whom, like Pater's Mona Lisa, all the ends of the world are come and whose weariness is part of their fascination. They suffer from what, in the eighteenth century, the French designated as the specific English malady—ennui. Firbank is the first novelist to celebrate cafe society.

As an artist he often succeeded in spite of himself. He worked hard at his writing, but he tried to make it sound like the purely casual comment of the most elegant dilettante. Sex, for him, was always a matter for comedy, but just as in life his infantilism betrayed him into preposterous affectation, so in his novels the comedy of sex is frequently marred by an almost obsessional bravado and sniggering; for the exquisite and frivolous dream world of his fiction, with its international élite and rococo palaces, is a Nirvana in which, like Negroes in Paris in the twenties, homosexuals are the ultimate *chic*. Even in his own time he was old-fashioned in his toyings with the ceremonial of Rome, his aesthetic interest in evil, "if for no other purpose, to add color to life," and a dandyism which would have revolted Baudelaire. He was permanently beglamorized, as only someone born out of it can be, by the Elsa Maxwell world in which the remnant of his grandfather's money permitted him his existence. But—and this is what saved him as an artist—he was never really fooled by it; there is always a tough core of common sense to his dallyings with the trivial; he merely found the substance of his art in the fantastic behavior of the inhabitants of a fantastic milieu. In the years when they were being published, 1915-26, his novels were completely divorced from the central concerns of most Georgian fiction. He is one of the few Georgian novelists who scrupulously eschewed the dead-end of realist-cum-naturalist fiction. Today his pictures of a vanished and usually an improbable world stand up far better than novels which in his own time seemed indestructible.

Firbank's writing is reminiscent of the Wilde of "Dorian Grey," of Baron Corvo, most of all perhaps of Ivy Compton-Burnett with the passion left out, of Max Beerbohm and of Max Ewing, whose "Going Somewhere" (a piece of anthropological curiosa and the middlebrow's Firbank) ought also to be reprinted. But all this is only approximate. "His work," says a character in "Vainglory," his first novel, describing a writer clearly meant to be Firbank, "calls to mind a frieze with figures of varying heights trotting all the same way. If one should by chance turn about it's usually merely to stare or sneer or to make a grimace. Only occasionally his figures care to beckon. And they rarely touch." This is an effect which might be predicted of a writer who habitually collected on little pieces of paper the remarks which occurred to him or which he overheard, later fitting them together into a careful mosaic. His early novels, indeed, tend to be all talk conducted on the same level. Later—to read him chronologically is to see his art developing—he created magnificent grotesques. They do not "touch," if by that we mean the passion which sometimes breaks so wonderfully through the comic mask in Molière or Congreve, for Firbank's satire never operated on the passional level. But too much has been made of their artificiality. They stem from the rich tradition of British eccentricity, which was at its height, since eccentricity could then best be afforded, in the world in which Firbank lived. A glance at the sober reporting of Sir Osbert Sitwell's memoirs should dissipate any notion that their goings-on are merely extravagant invention.

Firbank worked almost entirely in terms of what seem to be superficial and frivolous externals. The trappings of circumstance were alike fascinating in themselves and indices to the most complex states. Like Joyce and Virginia Woolf, he relied on the methods of poetry, the drama, and impressionist painting. A phrase does what pages of

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analysis and description are intended to do in the novels of his contemporaries; the most unlikely opposites are juxtaposed for comic purposes; scenes are described in terms of the remarks which float through them—all this with such deceptive flippancy that the inner complexity and the satire may escape the casual reader. The language is private, often that of aristocrats in exile who no longer trouble much to communicate with the outer world, but who can rely on one another for complete comprehension. He makes his sympathetic reader a member of this little group. Fleetingly and joyfully one has the sense of belonging to the inner circle. Read Firbank aloud to grasp the subtlety of his dialogue.

His favorite device, and one which, I think, explains a good deal about Firbank as a human being, is a kind of watered-down romantic irony. He is constantly deflating the objects of his concern. So, although he burlesques themes popular in nineteenth-century English fiction for a satire turned upon the bourgeois milieu from which he had escaped, this satire is also turned upon the never-never-land which was only half his loving contrivance. "Valmouth" parodies the post-Hardy novel of rural life. In "Caprice" the heroine, bored with the life of a cathedral close, absconds with the family silver to the London stage and the Cafe Royal—the Firbank version of the flight from the provinces. In "Prancing Nigger" a Negro family on some improbable tropic isle migrates to the local capital so that mother and the girls can get into society. The artificial princess imagines herself a Salome to a glamorous local evangelist. The heroines of "The Flower Beneath the Foot" and "Prancing Nigger," nourishing hopeless passions, take the veil.

It was Charles Lamb who, in an age which looked for the moral to be sharply indicated in literature, excused a taste for Restoration comedy by explaining that comedy as entertaining gossamer out of some cloud-cuckooland and totally alien to ordinary human concerns. Just as this pleading neglects the facts of life out of which Restoration comedy arose and places it in a vacuum impossible to art, so is the judgment in error which finds Firbank merely entertaining and delightfully wicked frippery. There is a consistent satiric intent in these novels, aimed at the usual objects of social satire. And the touch is so light, so deft, the rapier flicking even those ineffably beautiful and world-weary figures the artist most loves. There is also a perverse moral grandeur. For all the scandal of his end, in death Firbank's Cardinal Pirelli is triumphant:

> Now that the ache of life, with its fevers, passions, doubts, its routine, vulgarity, and boredom, was over, his serene, unclouded face was a marvelment to behold. Very great distinction and sweetness was visible there, together with much nobility, and love, all magnified and commingled.

And one has only to read a page or so of Firbank at random to note the sense of mortality, of the transience of all the earthly beauty he loved so well, which makes these novels, with their curious materialism, their praises of the rich and the exotic, poignant as well as comic.

John L. and F. D. R.

JOHN L. LEWIS. By Saul Alinsky. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

THE meat of what the author calls an "Unauthorized Biography" is in its account of the resounding split between President Roosevelt and the head of both the C. I. O. and the miners in the crowded, strike-torn year of 1937. Mr. Alinsky, a Chicago social worker who organized the "Back of the Yards" movement in an attempt to break down the prides and prejudices of the stockyard areas, tells us that he and Catholic Bishop Bernard J. Sheil of Chicago tried to mediate the differences between Roosevelt and Lewis. Two months before the Presidential election of 1940, according to the author, "an arrangement was devised whereby Lewis, expressing complete confidence in the integrity of the author and the Bishop, was willing to enter negotiations with the President. Bishop Sheil got in touch with the President and was informed that the President was fully prepared and eager to try to close the breach and that he definitely wanted Mr. Lewis's support in the campaign."

So Mr. Alinsky went to Lewis, who opened up the contemplated negotiations in a rather discouraging manner by saying, "It was during the winter of 1937, when we were gripped in fatal conflict with the corporation of General Motors, that I discovered the depths of deceit, the rank dishonesty, and the double-crossing character of Franklin Delano Roosevelt." All this, according to Lewis, via Alinsky, because Lewis overheard the President tell Governor Murphy of Michigan over the telephone, "Disregard whatever Mr. Lewis tells you." This alleged remark was made when Governor Murphy was trying to end the sitdown strikes of the Flint automobile workers in 1937. No one can disregard John L. Lewis with impunity. This started the feuding, climaxed by Lewis's dramatic indorsement of Wendell Willkie three years later.

The attempt to get Lewis back into the Roosevelt camp broke down, according to Mr. Alinsky, when at a White House meeting Lewis accused the President of ordering the FBI to tap the mine chief's telephone wires and Roosevelt said that this was a lie. In fact, according to the book, he said it was "a damn lie." Lewis started to take a walk, but finally came back and the subject was changed but not the relationship between the two.

Mr. Alinsky's story is a sordid one. He shows us men in high places, charged with heavy responsibilities, acting like incorrigible school children. Both Roosevelt-haters and labor-baiters will have a high time with this book. We can see the happy gleam in the eyes of Westbrook Pegler, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and the rest when they come to Lewis's pained complaint that F. D. R. was not giving him or rather his miners their money's worth ($500,000 in campaign contributions) when the President, saying, "A plague o' both your houses," refused to intervene in the Little Steel strike.

Though the author doesn't say so, there is a hero in this "Unauthorized Biography." And it is not John L. It is rather the rank-and-file union member, the plain "union guy," who, though he may have had great respect for John L.'s bargaining ability, figured the whole complicated feuding out for himself and went into the polling place and voted just exactly as he pleased, with no boss from either the company or the union blowing down his good red neck. MC ALISTER COLEMAN

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In Siberia

SOVIET GOLD: MY LIFE AS A SLAVE LABORER IN THE SIBERIAN MINES. By Vladimir Petrov. Farrar, Straus and Company. $4.

LET no reader seek in this book light on the great mystery of Soviet gold resources and production. It is the subtitle that describes the contents—the most detailed account yet published of the life of a Russian "slave laborer." It happens that the author served his six-year sentence as an enemy of the state in the Kolyma gold field, in northeastern Siberia, but as he himself says, the camps there did not differ basically from hundreds of others scattered through the Soviet Union. What is unusual is that Mr. Petrov managed to survive his experience and some time after his release, during the German occupation of the Ukraine, was able to make his way to Vienna. He is now teaching at Yale.

When the assassination of Kirov in December, 1934, started an indiscriminate wave of arrests and executions, Mr. Petrov was a young engineering student at Leningrad. He was, he claims, one of the many who "viewed the Soviet government in an optimistic light and felt sure that in due time everything would be straightened out." But he had the temerity to reject the advances of a young female agent of the political police, who promptly framed him.

As a prisoner Mr. Petrov had a certain amount of good luck as well as many terrible experiences. Part of his six years was spent in the killing work of alluvial gold-mining under Arctic conditions; but he was fortunate enough to make influential friends and so served more than half his sentence as a privileged prisoner doing technical or clerical labor in relatively easy circumstances. And this despite some escapades which might very easily have led to his execution. Russian tyranny, it seems, is still, as in czarist days, tempered by inefficiency if not by mercy.

Because of the Soviet mania for secrecy it is hard to evaluate any book about Russia, favorable or unfavorable. This one has the merit of apparent objectivity. It presents an appalling picture but avoids over-sensationalism. There are, however, some disturbing discrepancies in the narrative. For instance, Mr. Petrov at the beginning portrays himself as a political innocent; a little later he mentions that in 1933 he had fled from Moscow to Leningrad to escape arrest. That does not mean, of course, that he had been guilty of any crime, but it does suggest rather more political sophistication than he had at first admitted.

Again, in his account of the long journey on the Trans-Siberian Railway, he speaks of the numerous concentration camps visible from the train and, on the basis of his observations, estimates their population at half a million. When we remember that at the time (1936-37) foreigners not infrequently traveled by the Trans-Siberian, it is difficult to believe that so many camps were placed within full view of the tracks or, if they did exist, that they were not more widely noticed.

But what makes me wonder most about the accuracy of this book is the author's apparent ability, after so many years, to quote verbatim long conversations with interrogators, officials, guards, and fellow-prisoners. No doubt this lavish use of dialogue heightens the drama and lends an air of verisimilitude. But this reviewer, at least, would have found the book a more impressive document if Mr. Petrov had not endowed himself with such an uncanny memory. KEITH HUTCHISON

A Philosophy of Modern Science

MODERN SCIENCE AND ITS PHILOSOPHY. By Philipp Frank. Harvard University Press. $4.50.

THREE decades ago pragmatism was the outstanding intellectual movement which challenged the fundamental assumptions and emotional attitudes of the dominant philosophical tradition in this country. The critical and constructive tasks of pragmatism are far from being completed, and it continues to be an object of contumely for those committed to the religious and moral values of *philosophia perennis*. But the pragmatic critique is now familiar; and through familiarity its edge has become dulled, and pragmatism has even acquired a measure of respectability. The post of intellectual whipping-boy it once occupied almost exclusively is now shared on at least equal terms by a kindred and more recent philosophical movement commonly known as modern positivism or logical empiricism.

The present book, which brings together sixteen previously published papers by Dr. Frank and replaces an earlier but more meager collection, is a persuasive and illuminating presentation of various facets of this philosophy. It is animated throughout by a critical spirit strongly reminiscent of the French Enlightenment. Indeed, though he recognizes the elements of shallowness in the thinking of the French *philosophes*, Dr. Frank declares outright that "the task of our age is not to fight against the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century but rather to continue its work." Dr. Frank is a physicist professionally, and in his present book at any rate he operates on a critical front less extensive than that on which labored his eighteenth-century intellectual ancestors or, for that matter, the leading figures of American pragmatism. His special concern is with current interpretations of science. And the task to which he devotes most of the essays is that of illustrating a logical method which can make theoretical constructions intelligible, and of showing how thoroughly unwarranted are the attempts to find support in recent scientific theories for favored theologies, moral codes, or social ideologies.

More specifically, Dr. Frank makes plain that the meaning of scientific doctrine must be construed in terms of its experimentally verifiable consequences. Physical theory on this view neither implies nor is implied by any distinctive philosophical principles, and requires no justification by any metaphysical ultimates. For the dicta of metaphysics are but the "petrifications" of an earlier and cruder physics, worn down to vague generalities and transformed into a supreme canon of intelligibility by loose and familiar usage. It is from this standpoint that Dr. Frank discusses instructively neo-Thomism and dialectic materialism, though not all his readers will share his optimism concerning the likelihood that these schools of thought will eventually incorporate into their perspectives the substance of modern methodological studies.

Throughout his examination of cur-

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rent interpretations of science Dr. Frank stresses the importance of reading the language of science in terms of the actual functions which linguistic formulations possess in inquiry. He exhibits effectively the inordinate nonsense that has been attached to scientific statements, especially to those associated with relativity and quantum theory, because of the failure to observe this simple maxim. It is only fair to note, however, that he himself has a fondness for the language of philosophical sensationalism; but it is also only fair to add that his inclination to use this language appears to be merely an act of piety to a tradition, and that he is not committed to the psychological assumptions of an atomic sensationalism. But in any event, Dr. Frank fully establishes his central contention that in spite of the revolutions in physical theory in recent years, nothing in these innovations requires a return to antiquated organismic conceptions of physical processes, and nothing in them signifies the abandonment of scientific method as practiced in classical physics in favor of obscurantist modes of attaining warranted knowledge.

A number of the essays are devoted to the relations of the sciences and the humanities. Dr. Frank is concerned over current ways of teaching science, for like many other observers he finds much of it directed toward the training of narrow specialists rather than broadly liberal minds. He makes a timely and effective plea for the teaching of science in a genuinely philosophical spirit, and maintains with undoubted justice that such instruction would increase the student's comprehension of technical matters and at the same time lead naturally to a developed interest in the humanities. But he recognizes the grave obstacle which proposed reforms of science instruction encounter in the prevailing attitudes of professional scientists, who are so concerned with developing technicians that they are oblivious of the philosophic issues and humane values implicit in the scientific enterprise.

In an interesting historical introduction to the body of the book Dr. Frank notes that the European phase of logical empiricism had its inception in nightly discussions in an old Vienna coffeehouse in which he engaged with others while still a young student of physics. The essays in this volume retain some of the qualities of these bygone soirées. They contain much careful analysis, and yet exhibit the character of first-rate conversation. They are serious, and yet are spiced with amused but tolerant irony. They embody the urbane charm of an older and happier Vienna.

ERNEST NAGEL

Spanish Incident

THE ISLANDS OF UNWISDOM. By Robert Graves. Doubleday and Company. $3.50.

IN APRIL of the year 1595 the galleon San Geronimo and three smaller vessels, with a proper complement of sailors, soldiers, settlers, and clergy—and with rather less than adequate or proper supplies for this number of persons—set sail from Callao, Peru, under the leadership of General Alvaro de Mendaña y Castro of Neira. The destination of the company was the Solomon Islands, which Don Alvaro had discovered twenty-six years before. Here it was their intent to claim land for King Philip of Spain, fortunes for themselves, and hitherto damned souls for God.

On February 11, 1596, after a voyage the natural hazards of which were increased by internal dissension and stupid accidents, what was left of the expedition reached Manila in the Philippines. One ship had been mysteriously lost with all on board, and the complements of the other ships had been so depleted that of the original 120 men, women, and children on the flagship, only 35 were still alive—and 10 of these died within a month after reaching Manila. Don Alvaro himself, a uxorious man who had shown a total incapacity for leadership, was dead. The conquistadors never landed in the Solomons proper.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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They claimed land for the King on Santa Cruz in the South Solomons, but had to abandon it. They acquired no wealth and lost considerable. They claimed no souls for God but slaughtered a great number of innocent natives.

This is the historical incident that Robert Graves has chosen as the basis for his latest novel, the eleventh in a series of more or less historical novels that started with "I, Claudius" in 1934, when Graves already enjoyed considerable reputation and following as a poet and critic. Eleven novels of substantial range and size in fifteen years, in addition to a body of poetry and critical writings, is a near record in our time for literary accomplishment on a high level. Graves's life on the island of Majorca must not, one fancies, be much impeded by offices, telephones, parties, appointments, personal appearances, or any of the other trivia of more sophisticated societies.

For the creative scholar like Graves the historical novel would seem a happy form. But it is not always so, and is not entirely so in "The Islands of Unwisdom" ("the islands," an old Spanish chronicle says, "where no Solomon was found: that is to say, no wisdom"). Of the two obvious requirements one makes of a historical novel—that it be history, and that it be a novel—Graves amply satisfies the first: as far as one can judge without duplicating the author's own rather fugitive research, the historical facts of Don Alvaro's expedition are faithfully rendered.

As a novel, however, the book is less satisfactory. It is indeed difficult to see what valid reasons Graves could have had for choosing to write it as a novel rather than as straight history. He is not much interested in any of his characters, aside from their importance in the play of history, and as a consequence they all become the flattest of stereotypes: the upright man, the scheming wife, the inept husband, the comfort-loving priest, the warm-hearted blusterer. Nor does the plot seem to have any overtones for him beyond its clear historical import.

In "I, Claudius" Graves created a complex fiction form that enriched history, making use of shrewd psychological and imaginative insights that the more conventional historian cannot normally employ. But in the very sense that this was a purposeful novel—or, more specifically, was purposeful as a novel—"The Islands of Unwisdom" is virtually purposeless. Here the fiction, the novel, forms only a body of nearly extraneous decoration for the history, with generous dollops of sex, ribaldry, and archaic coloration thrown in at arbitrary intervals, until one feels finally that the history unadorned would make better reading.

"But what has interested me most in the story [of Don Alvaro]," Graves says in a short Introduction that one cannot help thinking a novel should not need, "is its bearing on the history of Spanish colonization." A historian's objective certainly, but not a novelist's, whose only real purpose can be to illuminate the human condition.

MONROE ENGEL

Assembly on Health

AMERICA'S HEALTH. A Report to the Nation by the National Health Assembly. Harper and Brothers. $4.50.

HEALTH is not merely the doctor's business. Health is everybody's business. This was the keynote of the National Health Assembly, a gathering of 800 persons called together last year by the Federal Security Administrator. All sorts of people were there—physicians and labor men, public-health officers and farmers, dentists and sociologists, psychiatrists and sanitarians. Their proceedings are reported in this volume. Never was there better illustration of the ramified specialisms which spiderweb a field of universal human interest.

Has the United States enough doctors, dentists, nurses, hospitals, laboratories, clinics, public-health departments, facilities for chronic disease? How shall personnel and facilities be better organized and distributed? How shall it be made easier for people to pay for them? The assembly was divided into fourteen sections, each dealing with one subject, and their reports present a cross-section of the ideas held by representative professional persons and informed laymen in A. D. 1948. Some sections offer much of public value, notably those on chronic diseases, mental health, and the promotion of research. Others are just usefully technical. Still others, notably rural health and the payment for medical care, reveal many "areas of agreement" on specific lines of action, along with sharp cleavages on underlying public policies. How far should government go in the financing and administration of medical care? How far should doctors control the finances and organization of services? Differences which seemed irreconcilable at the time appeared whenever these questions were allowed to emerge.

The medical educators failed to recommend specific ways of implementing the admitted need of national aid for medical schools. Within fifteen months the advance of public opinion on this issue was evidenced by the passage, in the United States Senate, of a bi-partisan measure providing such aid. The bill was reported favorably by a House

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committee, but too late to make passage possible this year. Within the next decade the actions of legislative and private bodies will have given life to many of the recommendations made by these sections and will have also determined many of the issues on which the experts, or the experts as against the laymen, were unable to agree on any recommendations. When doctors disagree the patient decides, but his decisions must ultimately square with the facts. Unless he dies first!

MICHAEL M. DAVIS

Books in Brief

BANGKOK EDITOR. By Alexander MacDonald. Macmillan. $3. The author of this lively, readable book was an OSS man who stayed on in Siam after the war was over and started the Bangkok *Post*. The story of his first three years of Oriental journalism is fascinating as narrative and illuminating as an inside account of rough-and-tumble politics in one of the hot spots of the Far East.

THE ROBERT E. LEE READER. Edited by Stanley F. Horn. Bobbs-Merrill. $5. Extracts, most of them quite brief, from many different sources, woven together with connective tissue by the editor to make a continuous biography. A jolty method of construction and one for which, in view of the Freeman biography, it is difficult to see the justification.

THE MARKET FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES. By Seymour E. Harris. Harvard. $4. With an imposing flurry of tables, charts, and statistics a Harvard professor of economics warns us that at the present rate of increase in higher education there soon will be many more college graduates than there are jobs commensurate with their training.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE. By Hans Von Eckardt. Translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips. Knopf. $5. This is one of those books whose publication baffles the imagination, particularly in so handsome a format and under so distinguished an imprint. The author obviously knows his subject and has saturated himself in the period, but he thinks and writes so clumsily that many passages must be read twice for meaning which is not even then always forthcoming. The awkwardness seems so basic, so much a matter of structure and thought as well as of style, that it can hardly all be due to the sins of the translator. What, for example, is one to make of such sentences as these, all taken from the first three pages. "A new age had begun and showed, by the opening up of the world overseas, the first signs of an epoch of reciprocal cultural penetration." "Western and Central Europe suddenly emitted a powerful radiance which, though this did not show itself in individual instances, strongly attracted the East toward the West and began to assimilate the former to the latter, though in independent forms of its own." "An age with a common culture seemed *to be impending*, in which the peoples *had arrived* at about the same stage in their receptiveness to experience" (italics ours, not the author's). "The men of action of the Renaissance had been great individualities, who might, indeed, be imitated, but provided no fixed standard. They had remained individual in a sense seldom possible to princes and rulers, owing to the flux of events and never to governments." Small wonder that, after 400 pages of such double-talk, the author says, "It is not for me to explain myself and my conceptions."

Drama

MARGARET MARSHALL

WHEN I saw August Strindberg's "The Father" last summer on the small stage of the Provincetown Playhouse, where it was produced by Studio 7, a little-theater group, I found it very interesting; and I felt that with professional direction and acting it might well show itself as a first-rate play. It has now been given a thoroughly professional production on a stage of regulation size (Cort Theater). Raymond Massey has directed it; Mr. Massey and Mady Christians play the leading roles of the captain and his wife; and Mary Morris has the other important part, that of the old nurse. Despite its high auspices, this professional production has some serious flaws. But it is of sufficiently high quality to show that though the theme of the play is powerful, primary, and still timely, and though it is the work of a writer possessed of extraordinary resources of passion-with-detachment, of subtlety and insight, the writing, as it emerges in the theater, is so uneven, the development at times so awkward and jerky, that "The Father" must be set down as an interesting experiment rather than a first-rate play.

The theme is the "war between men and women," and the action revolves around the successful effort of a ruthless yet perfectly normal woman to drive her husband insane so that she may govern the future of their only child. But to state it so barely is to make the play and the characterizations sound far less complicated than they actually are. For one thing, it is made clear that the woman's drive is only half-conscious, and Laura is by no means a wholly unsympathetic character —one of the authentic touches of genius is the author's capacity to train the observer's sympathies first on one and then on the other of the two principal figures in this struggle for power. For another thing, the play explores the whole relation between the captain and his wife, and not merely that aspect of it which involves the child—and the psychological understanding with which this relationship is probed is deep, and not at all dated, though the play was written in the eighties.

I said that there were grave flaws in the production. One of them is the

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casting of Mr. Massey. (I regret to say so, since he seems to have been largely responsible for the project, not too often undertaken these days, of bringing a really serious play to Broadway, but the fact remains.) His voice has too little body, sounds too often rather boyish; he fails to achieve the tension, steady and steadily rising, which the part demands. Yet, having said this, I must also say that his acting in the last scene is far better than I had expected it to be in view of what had gone before. The casting of Mary Morris is also misguided. She is an experienced actress, but her performance in this instance seemed to me curiously amateurish.

But then there is Mady Christians. And Miss Christians's performance is so fine, so absolutely right, so convincing in spite of all the defects of the play, that I caught myself thinking once more that with perfect direction and perfect acting, throughout, "The Father" might show itself as a first-rate play. I do not believe this is so. But that I should have had the thought again is a measure of the skill and persuasiveness of a first-rate actress.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

PROKOFIEV'S opera "The Love For Three Oranges," superbly produced by the New York City Opera Company, amused the audience hugely; but I found the humor heavy and forced, and only Richard Wentworth's burlesque performance as the cook as funny as it was meant to be; and for me the exciting pleasure of the occasion came from my first hearing of the youthfully exuberant and inventive and altogether brilliant score, and from the excellent performance by orchestra and singers—Robert Rounseville, Gean Greenwell, Carlton Gauld, Ellen Faull, Virginia Haskins, Margery Mayer, among others—under Laszlo Halasz's direction. Moreover, though I didn't get much fun out of what happened on stage, I appreciated the quality of the production planned by Theodore Komisarjevsky, staged by Vladimir Rosing, designed by Mstislav Dobujinsky, and executed by the gifted young singing actors of the company.

Of the additional modern ballets presented by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, I found Robert Helpmann's "Miracle in the Gorbals" as bad as his "Hamlet," and Ninette de Valois's "Job" impossible to sit through; but her "Checkmate" offered some interestingly individual dance invention; and Frederick Ashton's "A Wedding Bouquet" was another of his masterpieces of dance comedy, this one with its effect heightened by the blandly innocent music of Lord Berners and even more by the words of Gertrude Stein spoken by an orator seated at a table off at one side of the stage. The words much of the time accompany the witty dancing as a half-heard counterpoint of amusing irrelevancy, with every now and then a hilarious moment when the dancing is contrived to throw a particular irrelevant statement into high-lighted prominence (as Thomson's music does in "Four Saints in Three Acts," and as Ashton's choreography doubtless did in the 1934 stage production of that work), and one hears with sudden clarity, a propos of nothing, that "she has no plans for the summer," and, as the roar of laughter is dying down, that "she has no plans for the winter."

In addition to the pleasure from Ashton's choreographic wit the company's visit offered the various pleasures of its productions of "The Sleeping Beauty" and "The Swan Lake"—the pleasures, that is, of seeing these famous works and hearing their Tchaikovsky scores virtually in their entirety (three of the fairy tales were omitted at the performance of "The Sleeping Beauty" I attended, and there may have been other minor cuts), of having them presented to the eye and ear so completely and so brilliantly achieved, of seeing the company, in the process, presented so effectively. That is, the effect of splendor and opulence which these works were intended to produce was achieved in large measure by the sheer profusion of dancers on the stage, the profusion of talent all the way from the dazzling virtuosity of the prima ballerina, Margot Fonteyn, to the secure competence of the well-trained and rehearsed corps de ballet (the one inadequacy which marred the perfection of the performances was that of Alexis Rassine in the Blue Bird fairy tale of "The Sleeping Beauty" and the first-act pas de trois of "The Swan Lake"—his lack of disciplined elegance in the one, of mere physical endurance in the other), the harmony in the deployment of all these dancers and display of their talents.

After hearing the Budapest Quartet at the Y. M. H. A. it is my painful duty to report that while Roisman's playing and that of the entire group have recovered some of their former flexibility, his tone has not recovered its former delicacy and sweetness but is again coarse and strident, and damaging to the sound of the group.

CONTRIBUTORS

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MONROE ENGEL serves as a publisher's consultant and is also at work on a novel.

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Letters to the Editors

Mountain or Mouse?

Dear Sirs: I must confess that your editorial, Oh, Leave That Out, in the issue of November 5 gives me considerable satisfaction. A writer always likes to see his thesis confirmed. In the second of my *America* articles answering Paul Blanshard I pointed out how the mind which assumes that Catholicism is a vast conspiracy discovers sinister and conspiratorial features in the most innocent details. Nothing illustrates this better than your editorial.

These are the simple facts about the omissions [in the pamphlet "Religion and American Democracy," a collection of the *America* articles] in which you thought to detect the fine hand of Cardinal Spellman.

Cardinal Spellman had nothing even remotely to do with it. The omissions were made by the order of Father Hartnett, the editor of *America,* for a very practical reason: he was determined for reasons of cost to keep the pamphlet within forty-eight pages.

In the telephone conversation in which he originally asked me to write a series of articles dealing with Mr. Blanshard's book, the editor requested that I limit each article to 2,000 words and the entire series to six articles. In a letter of April 13, which I have before me and which was written before I had mailed even my first article, he was still more insistent upon this limitation and devoted an entire paragraph to an explanation of the simple editorial problems of space involved. He added that if the articles were to be published subsequently as a pamphlet, the entire series would have to be kept within 12,000 words. The business office insisted upon this.

I succeeded fairly well in limiting each article to 2,000 words, but I was unable to limit the series to six articles. At the conclusion of the series the editor again explained why technical reasons necessitated keeping the pamphlet within forty-eight pages and asked my permission to make whatever omissions were necessary to bring it within these limits. And finally, the last episode in this wholly innocent history, I quote from Father Hartnett's letter of September 13: "I told [Father Keenan, the managing editor,] that we simply had to keep the pamphlet to forty-eight pages and that, despite his objections, he ought at least to try to do so. He succeeded. I was unable to oversee the work, so I do not know just where he made deletions, but I have great confidence in his editorial ability."

So the whole sinister plot reduces itself to nothing more sinister than the old familiar tale of a hard-boiled editor in the tradition of all hard-boiled editors wielding the shears.

"The selectivity of Cardinal Spellman is not to be weighed lightly; we leave our readers to draw their own conclusions." Upon rereading this concluding sentence of your editorial in the light of the simple facts, your readers will possibly be reminded, as I am, of the old proverb about the mountain that groaned and brought forth a ridiculous mouse.

The trouble with *The Nation,* as with Mr. Blanshard, is that, obsessed with its notion that Catholicism is a vast conspiracy, it is incapable of believing that there may be a perfectly simple explanation for anything that happens in Catholic circles. You could have saved yourself from a whopping mistake by a simple prevenient inquiry. But you have allowed Mr. Blanshard so thoroughly to sell you his bill of conspiratorial goods that you bravely rush into print without even the caution of a doubt.

You are like Representative Rankin, to whom it would never occur that the reason Frank Scully wears red shirts is simply that he likes red shirts and who is sure that it has something to do with the party line, the Cominform, and that man in the Kremlin.

GEORGE H. DUNNE, S. J.

Phoenix, Ariz., November 8

[It was not our intention to imply that the Cardinal had literally wielded the shears himself. The fact remains, however, that the pamphlet bore his imprimatur, which is to say, his approval. While we are quite willing to accept Father Dunne's explanation of the cuts, we note that he carefully avoids commenting on the crux of the matter: the paragraphs omitted—a few hundred out of a total of some 12,000 words—were those which showed the slightest tilt in the direction of the Blanshard position.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Don Quixote on 34th Street

[The following letter is from a reader who, outraged at the decision of R. H. Macy's, New York, to withdraw Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power" from its regular stock, took it upon himself recently to picket the store.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Dear Sirs: My effort from the beginning met with some success. Some man would come up to me and say, "You are doing good work. I just bought a copy of the book in the Pennsylvania drugstore." A lady came to me and said she was going to see if what my sign said was true. Later she came back to tell me she would never buy again at Macy's. Many people stopped to write down the name of the book. Others, however, called me a red, and still others advised me to go back to Russia.

Nothing really happened until late in the afternoon of my first day, when a well-dressed man approached to inform me that he was from the Knights of Columbus. After enumerating for me all the high degress he possessed, he said he was going to look for help with which to make me depart. "Are you going to use a strong hand on me?" I asked, and added, "I am going to look for a policeman." "Bring him," he said, "and he'll be thrown out, too." I looked for a policeman but couldn't find one. After a while, everything being quiet, I went home.

That evening I went to see a Methodist pastor near my home. He became indignant over Macy's action, and promised to write a protest to the store and advise his congregation to do the same. He then advised me to see a treasurer of the Methodist Church who publishes a Methodist magazine. A few days later I went to see him. His secretary told me he was out, so I left my name and explained who had sent me and why I came. I said that I wanted to be assured of police protection from hoodlums, and that I thought it would be much more effective if the Methodists asked for this than if I did, as an individual. The secretary liked the idea, said she'd tell her boss, and urged me not to give in to any hoodlums. Come back later, she said. When I returned,

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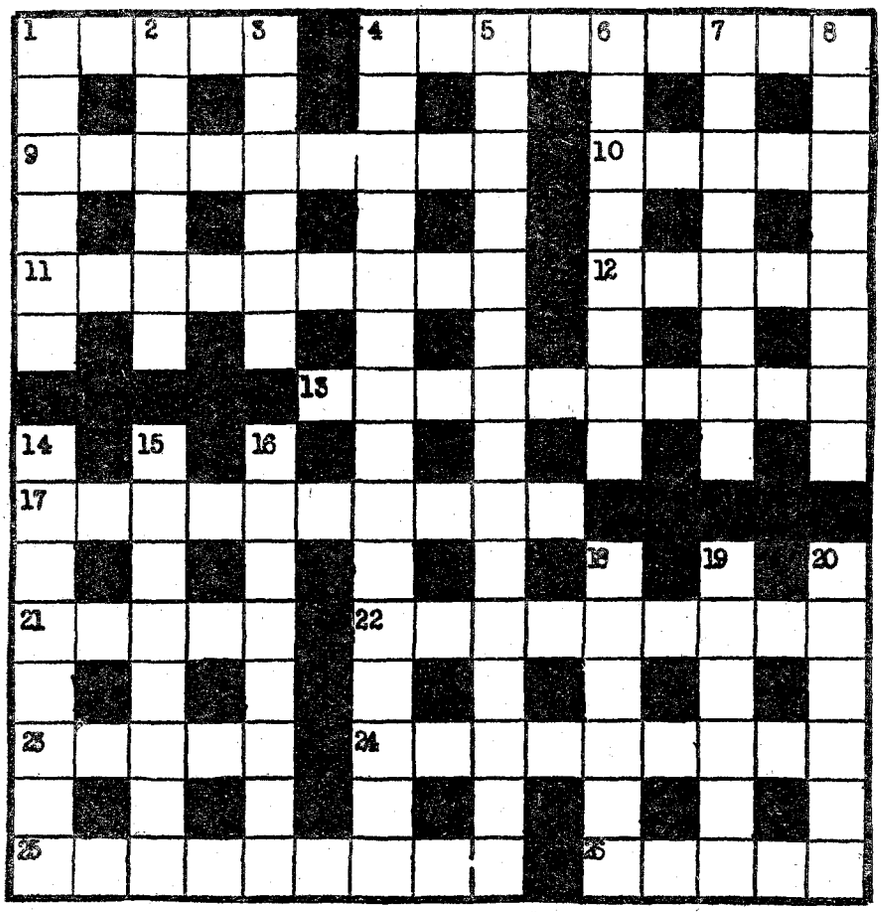
Crossword Puzzle No. 338

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Duck! It might be the admiral! (5)
4 The aid of a man of letters? (3–6)
9 Adornment is much to a mixture. (9)
10 Sounds like a former charge, praise be! (5)
11 A cottager provides it. (9)
12 Le Roi en France. (5)
13 You may have seen *roast mules* (*anag*) before, but its turn is one of the best. (10)
17 Poor, but breaks bread after a change of heart. (10)
21 Recited unconcernedly! (5)
22 Dry places for a water clock. (9)
23 Taking on water for an ablution. (5)
24 These show the value of resistance. (9)
25 Frank might be. (9)
26 State of critical judgment. (5)

DOWN

1 Egad, Ma—it's a mess! (6)
2 Just respond to the clue for this! (6)
3 Previous exploits? (6)
4 Isaak Walton and Bo-Peep might show how. (2, 4, 2, 2, 5)
5 10 will soon get you 10,000—by the score! (5–7, 3)
6 Look at the mirror! (8)
7 Puzzle. (8)
8 Not one's true voice! (8)
14 Catsup on puss? Oh! (8)
15 Essay in favor of delay? (8)
16 It seems a sturdy vessel. (8)
18 The way it was mailed, Yes! (6)
19 Totters, crawlers! (6)
20 At value, understand? (6)

* * *

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 337

ACROSS:—1 YELLOWSTONE; 9 CATSKILL; 10 IMPAIR; 11 BALEFUL; 12 DIALECT; 14 PAWNEE; 15 MILLIONS; 17 EVERYMAN; 20 GOPHER; 22 SUPPOSE; 24 ALCOHOL; 26 GHANDI; 27 EXAMPLES; 28 OLD FAITHFUL.

DOWN:—2 EASTERNER; 3 LEISURE; 4 CALL; 5 TRIVIAL; 6 NEPAL; 7 PANAMA; 8 ZIRCON; 13 AMEND; 16 IMPROMPTU; 18 VAUGHN; 19 MASTIFF; 20 GOLIATH; 21 EVOKER; 23 PANEL; 25 KEPI.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

she told me that her boss had just left after saying that I was to be advised to drop the whole idea of picketing. I told the secretary what I thought of her boss and his whole organization, and went back to do some more picketing.

The following week, while still picketing, I was assaulted by a bunch of hoodlums who tore my sign and roughed me up. Realizing that I could not face them alone, I retreated as gracefully as possible. I went looking for a policeman, and when I found one he didn't want to come over to Macy's, saying that there must be another officer already in the area. I insisted there was none, but he just wouldn't come.

I then went to the nearest precinct headquarters and asked for protection. In an offhand and discourteous manner, I was told to find the man—one of those who had attacked me—who had threatened to run over me with an automobile. That, of course, was hopeless. So I went to the American Civil Liberties Union and asked if they could arrange for some protection for me. They said they couldn't do anything about it. I told them not to write me any more asking for funds.

As you see, it is hard to play the role of Don Quixote. However, I intend to picket again, if only for the book's sake, and I hope to get company from the Secular Society of America. I am also writing to the Police Commissioner and asking for personal protection. We shall see how that turns out.

J. REYES MARTIN

Brooklyn, November 10

Gold and/or Witch Doctors?

Dear Sirs: I have read with interest Keith Hutchison's column, The Gold Doctors, in your issue of October 22. Notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Hutchison and of most managers of irredeemable paper currencies that no one should desire gold, the latter are forced to keep it unlawful for the people to own refined gold. At the same time they "appear" oblivious of the fact that more and more people do want to possess gold for the very good reason that they do not trust their money managers.

Mr. Hutchison does not need to favor government extravagance. With no effective check on the quantity of the money supply created to meet the deficit needs of the government, extravagance can go on without favor. The merry-go-

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round of "spend, elect, tax" succeeds best while there are plenty of suckers willing and able to take and hold the future promises to pay dollars. Eventually the dollar owners will wake up. When the flight from the dollar arrives, the now power-mad spenders will want quickly to hide their "witch doctors'" cloaks under those of the "gold doctors" so they can restore the confidence of the people in their money. The newly converted "gold doctors" hope then to revive the "spend, elect, tax" merry-go-round under a not too restricted "new management." It may be later than you think, Mr. Hutchison.

DEAN KROTTER,
Nebraska State Chairman,
Gold Standard League

Palisade, Neb., November 1

Excoriation Without Review

Dear Sirs: I am afraid that Rolfe Humphries's natural distaste for the inanities in radio—and in poetry—led him to distort the purpose and the scope of my book, "Radio and Poetry," in his review of October 29 in *The Nation*.

"Radio and Poetry" chronicles the rise of a poetry of the air. By means of examples and analysis I demonstrate how the aural nature of broadcasting welded radio poetry into a form easily suited to the somewhat undiscriminating requirements of the ear. I do not venture to tell poets how to write for radio; nor do I advocate that poets abandon their artistic integrity when they consider writing for the radio. If anything, I offer evidence that radio is —perhaps "was" is a better word now —capable of an adult literature that goes beyond quiz programs and soap operas.

When Mr. Humphries excoriates the give-away programs, he has my full support, but he certainly has not reviewed my book.

MILTON A. KAPLAN

New York, November 3

A Lonely Furrow

Dear Sirs: What is corn? Rolfe Humphries, who obviously believes he plows a lonely furrow, derides "the corn of Rosten and MacLeish, Kreymborg and Corwin," then bursts into kernel with a routine addition to the existent thousand parodies of quiz programs. The best you can say is: that lonely furrow, seeded, shot up a hybrid. Personally, I'll take Corwin!

PAUL A. GARDNER

Ottawa, Canada, November 8

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By Margaret Marshall

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REVIEWED BY IRWIN EDMAN

"The State of Europe" *by Howard K. Smith*
REVIEWED BY RAYMOND SWING

"In Sicily" *by Elio Vittorini*
REVIEWED BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

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REVIEWED BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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REVIEWED BY RALPH BATES

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